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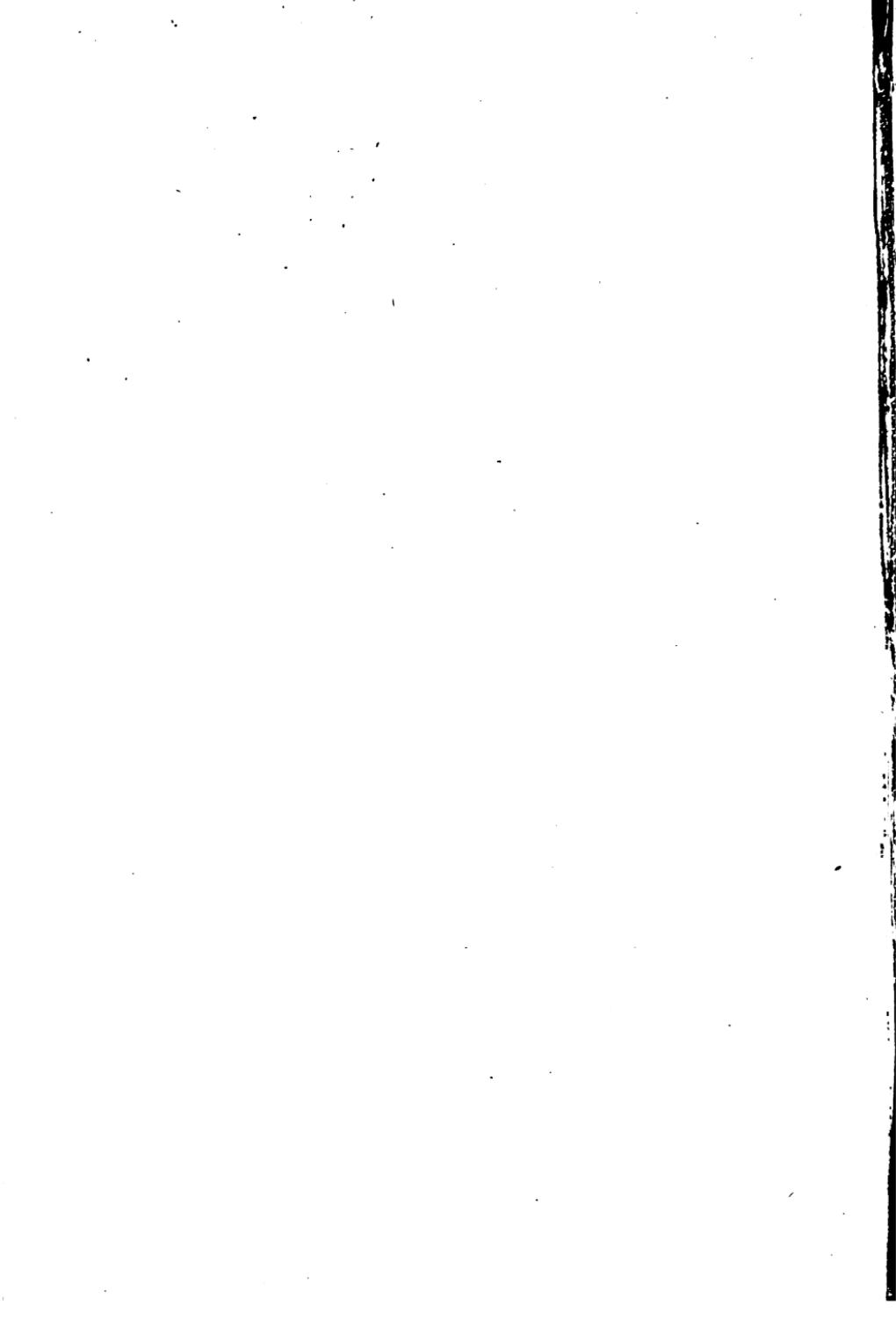
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ORIGINAL "JAWN" MCKENNA
FROM "ARCHY ROAD"

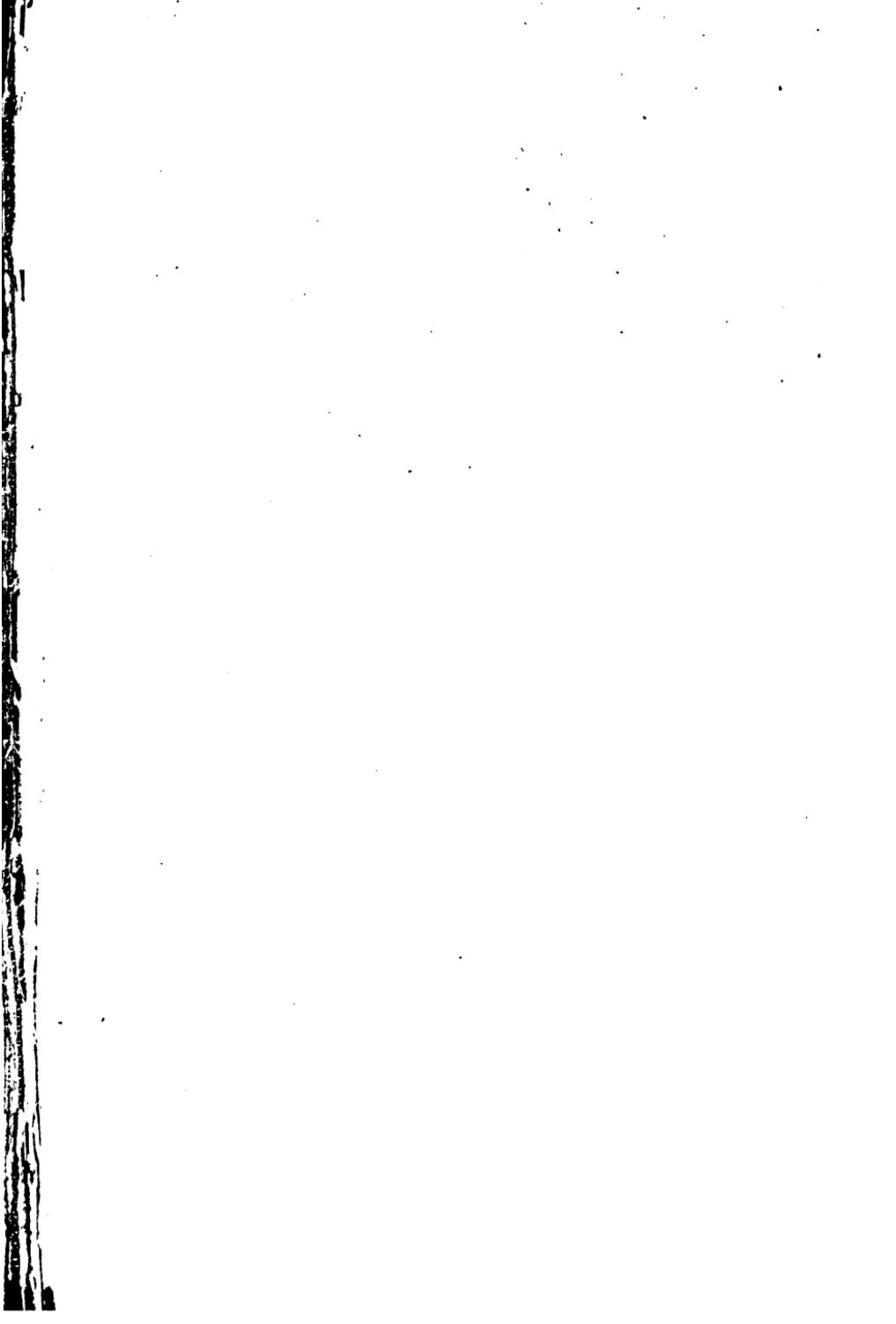


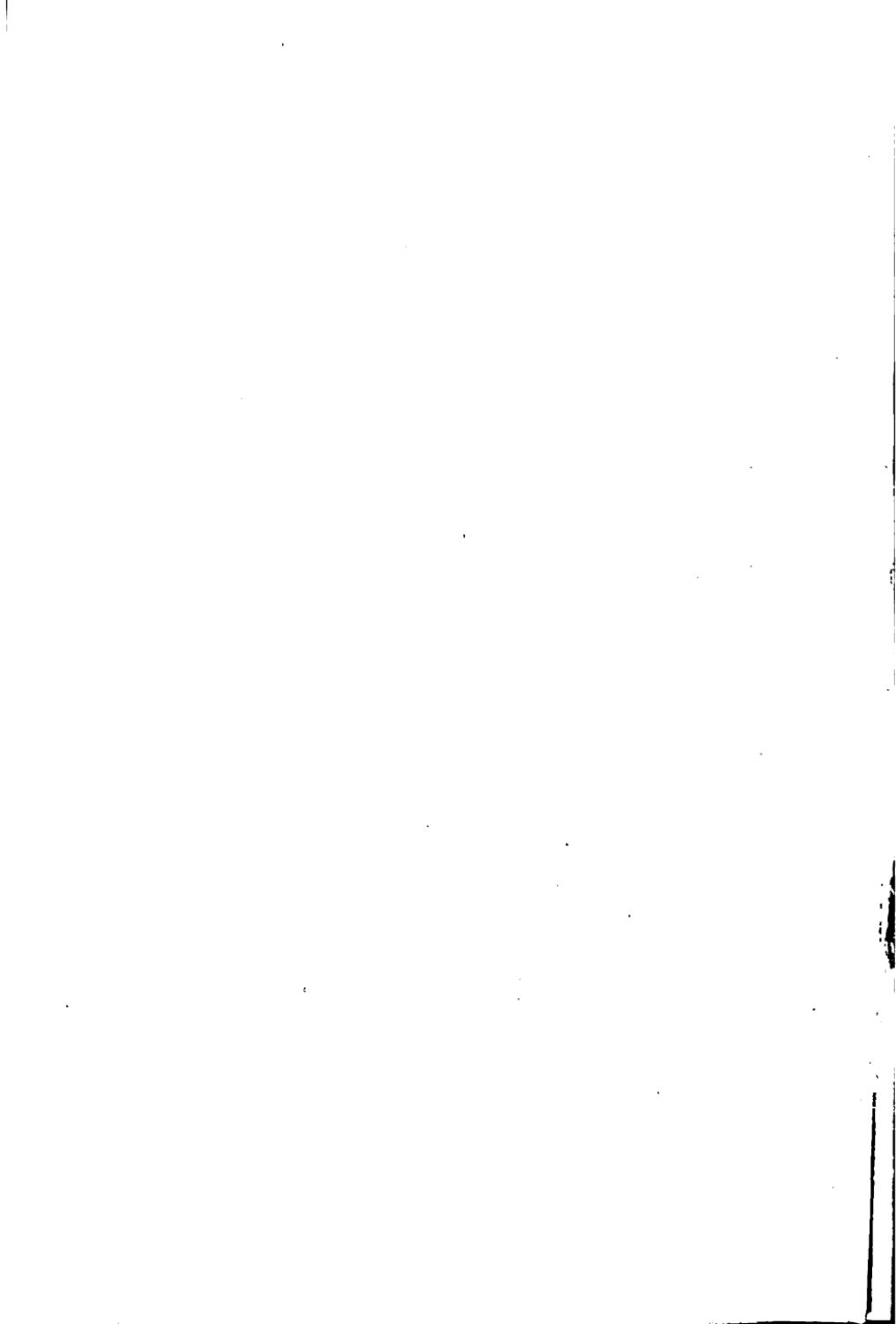
SUN WORSHIPPERS CLUB
OF MCKENNA PARK
TUESDAYS
GOLF TADS AND GOLF STICKS
202-333-1234

To Publishers Weekly
from
John J. McPhenna
June 7, 1918.

McLean
N.Y.







W.M.C.P.S.
1/24/18
B.A.

STORIES

BY THE

John J.

ORIGINAL "JAWN" MCKENNA

From "Archy Road"

OF THE

SUN WORSHIPERS CLUB

Of McKinley Park

IN THEIR

Political Tales and Reminiscences

CHICAGO

1918

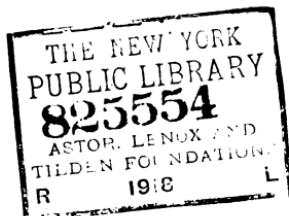
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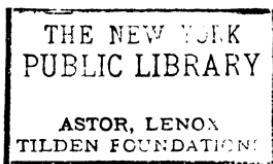
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JOHN F. HIGGINS
376-380 West Monroe Street
• 80



JOHN J. MCKENNA

John J. McKenna was born at Grassy Point on the west bank of the Hudson River, New York State. Been active in politics in Chicago for forty years. Been a member of the County and State Central Committees. Was personally acquainted and socially friendly with almost every person that has taken an active part in politics, both the Republicans and Democrats, during the years 1876 to 1916.



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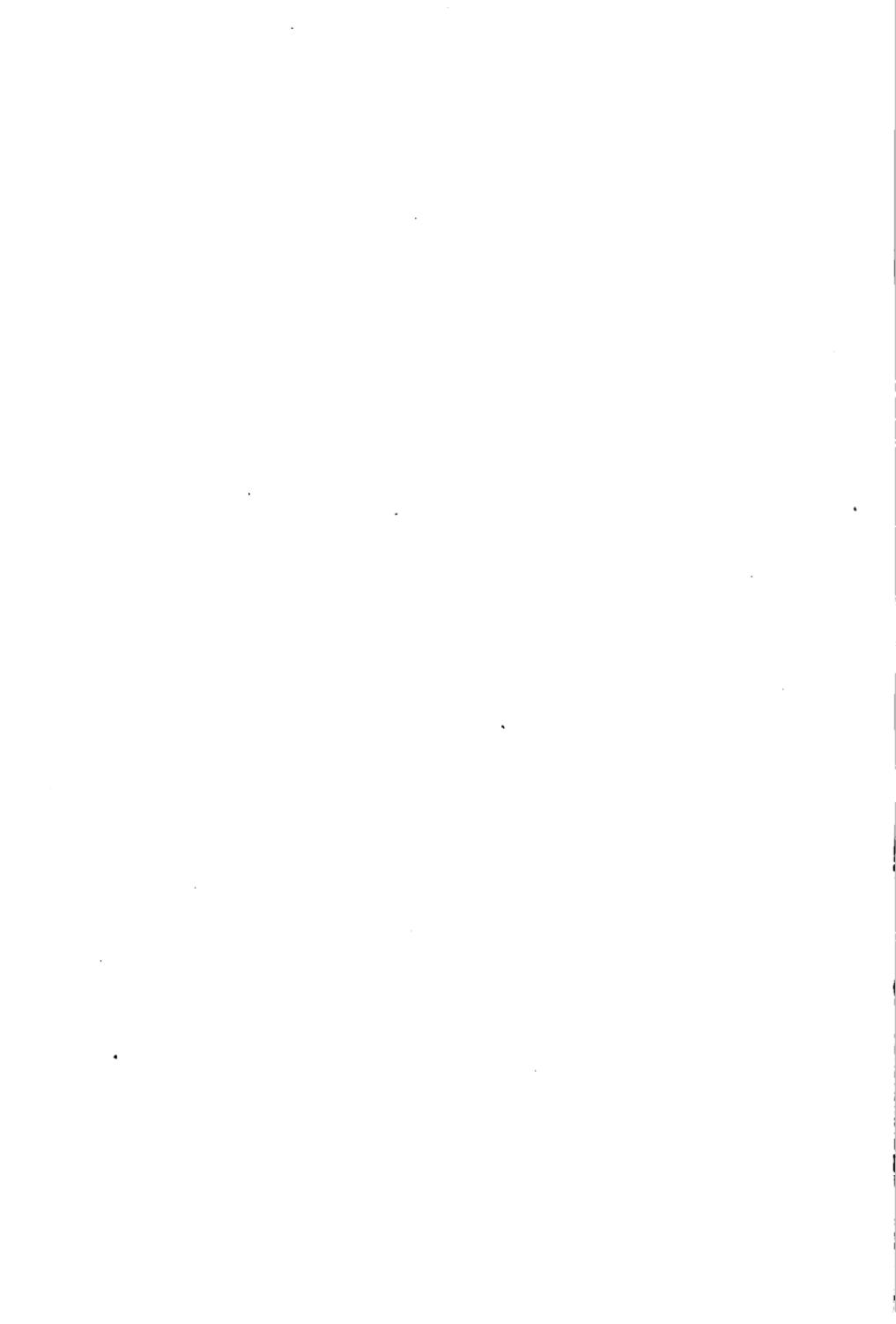
INTRODUCTION.

I wrote these stories so that the old fellows may enjoy reading them. It's reminiscent of things that they all passed through in their day, and the young of the rising generation have many times heard the old folks telling of.

There is more truth than poetry in most all of it, and if it don't make you laugh there is nothing said that will offend you.

The Old Fellows here mentioned all enjoyed a long life and their knowledge has come from the school of experience. There is none of them but what can tell Bunk a mile away. The young generation may think they're handing them something new, but their new tricks are but a repolish, put on to the same old tricks, that the old fellows have seen and heard and went up against manys and manys the time. So there ye have it.

JOHN J. MCKENNA.





FOURTH OF JULY ORATION BY BARNEY O'FLYNN BEFORE THE SUN WORSHIP- ERS' CLUB IN M'KINLEY PARK.

“Well,” said Nicholas Ryan of the Thirty-first Precinct, “we induced Barney O’Flynn to give us a Fourth of July oration below at the McKinley monument at the McKinley Park. Barney is one of the sun worshipers that hold their confabs at the McKinley monument every day in the week. They have the Daily News Almanac, the Bible, Shakespeares works, and the devil only knows what else hid away in the crevices of the monument waiting for some of their cronies to make a careless remark. Then like a lot of buzzards they jump upon him with what they call ‘their documentary evidence’ to prove his assertion was false; and from ten to four every day that’s their job, arguing on all the momentuous questions of the day, pro and con, mostly con.

“Barney has had a shovel in where the digging was aisey and the pay good in every public

department since the second day he left Castle Garden Park.

“‘Well,’ says Barney, beginning his discourse, ‘ye say ye like to hear the truth, but I know ne’er a one of you mean it. What ye want and what ye injoy is the soft soap talk and to hear yer neighbors and your public officials denounced. The worse ye hear of him, the better ye like it. But ne’er a one of ye like to hear the truth about yerself. This is the Fourth of July,’ said Barney, ‘the day we celebrate—or did celebrate—before Andrew Carnegie took the noise out of the firecrackers, and now the kids balk to celebrate on squibs. At any rate ye know what we used to celebrate for, but that’s a long time ago and since thin Congress has passed resolutions, and so while the resolutions last let us not be casting up old sores. That would be like McGlinn and Ryan’s truce. Every one thought the battle was over. McGlinn in his kindness said to Ryan, “Now, that I am thinking as you are,” thinking that Ryan had the same kind of thoughts as himself, when up jumped Ryan saying, “f you are, come outside and try it over again, and there it is for ye.” Well, it’s the Fourth anyhow. We may not feel as enthusiastic as we did whin we held our picnics and shot giant firecrackers and used the Milwaukee steins. But it is allright for us old chaps.

“‘But,’ said he, pointing to the five thousand young men and women that ye see there below in the park fields. Said he, “They have worked



Ball Game, McKinley Park.



Lawn Tennis Court,

hard all week, and they are now engaged in their baseball, basket ball, croquet, and tennis, and every game of fun that you can mention. Their shouts and cries of joy and laughter make the world what the Lord intinded it should be—a place of contintment and happiness. There,' said he, pointing, 'is the controlling influence of the world. Look at that crowd. Then look at the few we have here. That's the world's way,' said he. 'When ye are out of that class the divil a one pays any serious attention to ye but the preacher, the doctor, and the undertaker; that is, if you are well insured. If not, I know of no one but God that has any time or room for ye.'

" 'The older ye are, the more it costs to watch ye. In your primary election the cost to watch ye have the tax payers robbed and the county treasurer busted, and what the divil good have ye done. Ye are changing and rechanging the laws and whin it is all over and the money spint ye look up and see what ye have done and as Ryan said, whin I showed him the members of the Supreme Court as they were standing in front of their building in Springfield: " 'Be-gorra,'" said Ryan, "they are only min after all."

" 'In the old days,' said he, 'the judges and clerks of primary election volunteered their services. Ye might get a Democratic black eye or a Republican black eye, but it costs the tax payers nothing and under that system we nominated such min as Samuel J. Tilden, Roscoe

Conklin, Lincoln, Palmer, Douglas, Oglesby, and the old man Carter H. Harrison, old man McAllister, and old man Gary as judges and is cost the taxpayers nothing to nominate them. Ye haven't money enough today to pay for watching ye to nominate min like them mentioned. Ye became so dishonest as Democrats and Republicans ye couldn't trust yourselves to manage your party affairs. Ye had to have laws made and min appointed to watch yourselves, and it's busted the tax payers to pay for the job. In the old days party min walked ten miles to hear his party candidate denounce the opposite side. Under yer new expensive plan it would take a cabaret and minstrel show with free lunch combined to induce ye to walk a block to hear any one—and ye are still nominating men and plan to make them honest. Ye are wasting money; your undertaking is too great; for we read in the good book when the Creator himself turned his back to look at some of his other creations ye stripped the tree of every apple, and now,' said Barney, 'ye are trying to do what the Creator himself could not do for ye.

" 'Now,' said Barney, 'if the politician had the same opportunity to make his promise good as has the preacher, the world would always be like what it is to the young. The preacher's promise is fulfilled after you reach the grave if you keep the commandments, and ne'er a one ever returns to confront him as to broken promises. But with the politician, whin the election

is over then his promises are staring him in the face with not one meal ticket to go round for the one hundred hungry applicants. It's the divil's job to face ye for yer votes, but when ye come for the expected meal ticket it takes all the joy out of life. That's why most of ye enjoy hearing yer officials denounced, for that's the only pleasure most of ye get out of the game. But yonder in the field ye see yer answer in the young' folks. A divil a care has any one of them on thir mind but for a good time. Now, that's the world's way. All the preachers in the world couldn't change them. That numerous crowd you see there enjoying themselves on the park fields, if they live long enough, they will be here as we are, but we will not be here and there will be others in their place on the ball fields and when they stand here as we are they will be in the small minority as we are, for that's the way with the world, for boys will be boys, and when old Toney Pastor sang the song, "Go It While You Are Young, My Boys, for When Ye Get Old You Can't," he had the gang with him, and so it will go on until Gabriel blows his horn. ''



THE "GRAVE" MISTAKE. THE MISHAP IN THE BURIAL OF DINNY QUILLIGAN OF THE 36TH PRECINCT REPUBLICAN CLUB.

In the 36th Precinct Republican Club of the Fifth Ward a great mishap took place last week. Jimmie Duggan made the following report of the occurrence:

"Begorra, McKenna, we had an exciting time of it this week. We were appointed to conduct the funeral arrangements of one of our members, one Dinny Quilligan, a little Kerry man that come over to us as a mimber in the Blaine election.

Dinny was a good Catholic and always boasted that he gave character to the Republican ticket by putting the cross in the circle at the head of the ticket on each election day. Well, to be short in me story, we took the remains of Dinny to the Grand Trunk depot at 49th and Ashland avenue to meet the funeral train for Mt. Olivet. When we got there, we found that a Nagro funeral was taking place at the same time.

"We put Dinny's coffin 'in the car set apart for that purpose, whin along came the Blackamores and they did the same, Begorra, Mc-

kenna, as true as I am tellin' ye, the Nigger's coffin and Dinny's was as like as two cherries.

"The train started and the first stop was at the Nagro graveyard. Bedad, the Nagroes in takin' off as they supposed the coffin of the Nagro, they took away with them the corpse of Dinny Quilligan. When we reached Mt. Olivet, we, as we supposed, took out the coffin of Dinny and put it on a small iron car they have there for the purpose, and away we started to Mt. Olivet.

"Just as we were about to lower the coffin into the grave,—as is a good ould Irish custom,—Kelly, the undertaker, cried out, 'Thim that wish to take the last look at the remains, will step forward.' Kelly unscrewed the little lid of the coffin. When Mary Ellen, Dinny's wife, took a peep into the coffin, she let a yell out of her that would raise the dead:

"'What have they done with Dinny Quilligan from Kerry?' she cried. 'They've taken him from me and left me a man that's as black as the ace of spades.'

"Begobs, at that we all gave a jump 'forward; thin I remembered the resimblance of the coffins. Back we went with the Nagro on the little car to the depot at Mt. Olivet only to find no train would be due for two hours. Well, thin we engaged a haywagon team that was standing by, put the Nagro corpse on the wagon and started for the Nagro cemetery a mile away. When we got to the Nagro cemetery, the Na-

groes were all coming out. We let a yell out of us like a lot of wild dervishes—'Where is he,' said we all together. 'Ye have buried the wrong man,' said we. Well, sir, there was near four funerals in a minute. Spades, pickaxes and razors were in view.

"They had Dinny planted and the top of the grave was as smooth as the palm of your hand, with sunflowers scattered on the grave and a sign erected saying 'Here lies Moseby Jackson Johnson'.

"Well, it was but a short time till Dinny's remains was on top of the ground again and back to Mt. Olivet. 'Well,' said Mary Ellen, 'God bless that ould Irish custom of takin' that last look at the remains, else,' said she, 'I'd be layin' alongside of a man as black as the ace of spades until such times as Gabriel would blow his horn on the day of resurrection.'

"Bedad, McKenna, that will be a day long to be remembered by the members of the 36th Precinct Republican Club."

A TRIBUTE TO McKENNA.

This week PUBLIC SAFETY is favored with a few lilting lines by way of tribute to "The Poet of Archey Road"—John J. McKenna. It is by way of a pean of triumph at the recognition recently awarded Mac by Governor Lowden—an important state office. It purports to come from a political follower of John J.'s, but is really



T. J. QUIGLEY.

To My Literary Friend, John J. McKenna, the Chief Inspector of Private Employment Agencies!

penned by a South Side business man who has been a lifelong friend. He is an old-time ball player that some of the older boys will recall when they see his name: Here it is:

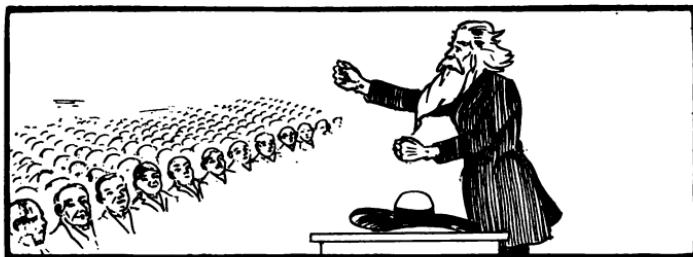
Oh, Mollie Dear an' did ye hear the only joyful news
I read in all th' papers since Wilson walloped Hughes;
Cheer up my Mollie Darlin', no more you'll sigh at all,
My friend John J. McKenna has th' biggest job of all.

'Tis true he is Republican, but he's always on the square.
An' never ask ye how ye vote, if you need him he is "there";
He spent more coin in politics than any in the ward.
An' 'till today, 'tis safe to say, he got the least reward.

He makes no flights at orath'ry, but in primaries can't be beat,
In every fight for twenty years, he's never known defeat;
He put the arch in "Archey road" where Dooley's fame begun,
The avenue made famous by Finley Peter Dunne.

There's lots of "gifted gabbists" who are sociable to meet,
But when it comes to favor you, they wouldn't cross th' street;
So cheer up, Mollie Darlin', an' holler Lou(w)den strong,
Till my good friend John J. lands me, and I hope it won't be long.

He's just th' man to fill th' place, he had his share of strife,
A reader of real character, in every walk of life;
From th' brick yard to th' State House he climbed th' hill of fame,
An' I know I'll not be out of work while Johnnie's in th' game.



**MRS. JIM KENNEDY ATTENDS A MEETING
AT BAKER'S HALL AND TELLS M'KENNA
WHAT SHE THINKS OF THEIR GO-
INGS ON.**

"Mr. McKenna," said Mrs. Kennedy, "I was down at your last Republican meeting at Baker's Hall. My husband acts queer many's the time after attending those meetings, and I wanted to satisfy my curiosity as to what goings on you do be having. I will never forget that talker you had there. But, let me tell you, McKenna, when the women folks get on to the voting business, ye'll not be able to pull the wool over their eyes as ye do over the men voters, with ye'r soft soap political talks.

"Years ago I attended a meeting where George Francis Train was the speaker, and I also heard Teddy Roosevelt talk. Train and Teddy had the same accent, but Train always wore a white suit and white gloves when he spoke. Teddy is rougher, but they both were sensational. It was like riding in a car where one wheel was off the track, to hear them. You were always expecting something serious to

happen. But in their palmiest days, for real fast talkin' and sensation, they were not in the class with that Col. Wiley from Waco, Texas, that you had address the meeting at Baker's Hall.

"The colonel drew a picture of all the silver in all the mines of the world, and all the silver in the world now outside of the mines, and turned it all into silver dollars, at the ratio, as he said, of 'sixteen to one'. The pile was so great that it made Mount Arion, the highest mountain in the world, look like a mole hill. We all had a crimp in our necks from looking up at the mountain of silver dollars. I don't know how he could hold all the statistics in his head that he presented to prove his assertions. He used his arms as though he was swimming, and his hair stood up, and his coat tails waved, and the two eyes in his head were like two coals of fire with the enthusiasm that was in him.

"I'm told that Tom Sheehan, the saloon-keeper, after listening to him for a while, got so disgusted with silver as money that he started down stairs and ordered his bartenders to take no more of it in exchange for his good cigars and whisky.

"I am told that a man's life would be in danger that would offer a Canadian quarter in exchange for drinks in the neighborhood, after Col. Wiley finished in the denunciation of silver, as the medium of exchange, at the ratio, as he said, of 'sixteen to one'. And when the Colonel

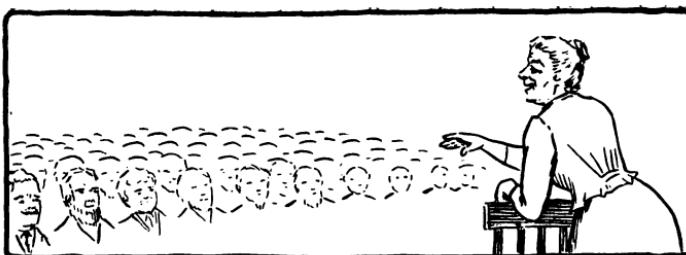
finished on the silver question, he started in and made every one of them foolish min believe, because of their bein' American citizens they were the aiquid of the king.

"When Jim, my husband, gits that soft soap talk and a few sips of Sheehan's whisky with it, he begins to act like a king and say foolish things.

"Said I to him after the meeting, when he began acting strange, said I: 'Jim, have sinse, and don't believe all that ye hear, for tomorrow morning, when you are wending your way over to work in the cellar at Armour's packing plant before it is yet daylight, that Col. Wiley from Waco, Texas, and McKenna will be on the broad of their backs in the bed.'

"Says I, 'Jim, ye're no king; and as for that Col. Wiley and his imaginary money pile, I'm tould he borryed a quarter of Cassidy to pay his way back to the city. They say he knows how to run everybody else's business but his own, and he's always broke himself.'

"Now, McKenna, let me say to you again when the women folks get on to voting, that kind of soft-soap talk won't go. Ye politicians will have to think up something new, or get out of the business."



NICHOLAS RYAN, THE CLUB'S STATISTIAN, INDUCES MRS. JIM KENNEDY TO ADDRESS A MEETING OF THE AFFILIATED REPUBLICAN CLUBS OF THE 5TH WARD AT BAKER'S HALL, AND SHE TELLS THEM SOMETHING.

“McKenna,” said Nicholas Ryan of the Thirtieth Precinct, “I gave the boys the treat of their lives at the meeting of the Affiliated Clubs of Brighton, held at Baker’s Hall. I had Mrs. Jim Kennedy address the meeting. She told them something that they will long remember. She said: ‘Now that ye induced me to talk, it’s not soft soap I’m going to hand ye, but the plain, unvarnished truth. I know it’s at home women ought to be, instead of talkin’ to ye,’ said she; ‘we are never done for work there. But ye men have so neglected your duty in yer mad rush for the dollar, if we women don’t do something the greatest idea of government that was ever left to a people will be lost to us forever; in the chase for the dollar you forgot your

God, your country and mankind,' said she. 'And it's because of this condition,' said she, 'that the women of the country are asking for the right of franchise on all questions pertaining to government; and we will take nothing short of it. The mothers of the country will have time to turn their minds to something that will be for the benefit of mankind, for yer thoughts are only on the dollar.

" 'Ye say we are not prepared for the ballot, ye make me laugh,' said she; 'two-thirds of ye could not put the buttons in your shirts and cuffs if it was not for the assistance of your mothers and wives. And if Dr. Bevan was to dissect you, two-thirds of you would be found with the dollar mark in the top of your head, where your brains ought to be. And then ye have the nerve to tell us women we are not prepared. Your thoughts are only on the money, and when ye get it, ye are not satisfied till ye get the young wife. Then ye become skat players, golf linkers, with rheumatics and dyspepsia and the devil only knows what else.

" 'Young Dougherty told ye the truth when he said to ye marryin' is only a job for the young.

" 'Pon me word,' said she, 'I never gave much heed to the apple story between Adam and Eve; but from all I read in the papers and in the court proceedings of yer soulmates and affinities, and in the way ye neglected your duty in managing your government, I now believe

some new Eve must have come among ye with a new apple.

“ ‘Lincoln, said ye could trust the people. Well, we are the people—the mothers of the country, just as much as ye are, and we want the referendum and the right to vote on all questions pertaining to our liberty, our lives and our property. Then we’ll be as well entrenched in the government as is the Supreme Court on questions of law, and is the Pope on questions of religion. We know what we want, and not what others tell us we want. Put that in yer pipe and smoke it,’ said she.

“ ‘Ye made a grand job,’ said she, ‘in managing the country. Ye have built up a condition that has put all the women and children in harness workin’ for you. The back of me hand to ye! ’Tis the women that know ye.

“ ‘Ye see now the greatest thing to conserve was the manhood and the womanhood of the country, and ’twas the last of your thoughts. But ye find now if it was not for the young men and the young women of the country, what good would all your possessions be to ye. When ye were chasin’ the dollar, the ould Kaiser—bad cess to him and all the born kings—he was conservin’ the young manhood and womanhood of Germany, and he’s got it today. And without it, all the money and property in Germany wouldn’t be worth ten cents on the dollar. And now that ye have learned that the greatest thing to conserve is the youth of the country, quit your religious bickerin’; ye see now that reli-

gious difference is lost sight of when the flag is unfurled. Let ye provide well for the fatherless child of the future; have no signs above your institutions readin' "The Home of the Friendless Child," etc. Have the youth learn that next to the father and mother the state and nation is its best friend. So that when they grow up they will learn to love their country. For a country or a religion without some paternalism in it, there is no love for it.

"'And now,' said she, 'in yer last mad rush don't neglect the b'ys that's goin' across the sea. See to it that when they come back to us—if ever they do—that nothin' worse than the bullets will be brought back with them from the slums of London, Paris and elsewhere. Preaching will do no good, for boys will be boys. But this solemn duty you must forcefully perform; ye owe it to the mothers of the country and the future generations to protect the morals of the young men with all the powers ye have. I'm glad,' said she in conclusion, 'if I've said anything that might wake ye up.'

"Begorra, McKenna," said Nicholas Ryan, "ye can't down the women. And there it's for ye."

DENNIS DWYER ON THE NECESSITY OF PREPAREDNESS, PRACTICALLY DEMON- STRATED.



After a joint meeting of the six clubs of the six precincts in that part of the Fifth Ward known as Brighton, John J. McKenna says that he met Dennis Dwyer of the Thirty-fifth Precinct the next morning. One eye was black and swollen and one arm was in a sling.

"What's the trouble?" said McKenna.

"Well," said Dwyer, "the old woman says I'm as big a fool as ever. McKenna, that German druggist man you have as secretary of the Thirty-first Precinct Club may be a good chemist; but he knows nothin' at all about politics. He it was that sent out the postal cards for the meeting; the card said it was for a 'harmony' meeting, and he underscored the word 'harmony'. Well, after supper I washed up," said Dwyer, "and went down to the meetin', thinking something new was going to take place, and I went unprepared.

"When I got into the meeting hall, looking around me and seeing none of the lady members present I became suspicious. 'I see no signs of harmony here', said I to myself.

"There they were, gathered from all parts of Brighton—all the different nationalities. The Zimbroffs, the Feins, Mintz, the Rubins, the

Cohns, the Berndts, the Heisers, the Hilbs, the Hilks and Kortings. The McKennas, the Kelleys, the Cassidys, the Noonans, the Sheehans, the Fourniers, the Courvilles, the La Marshas and Pitons, the Arthurs, the Rankins, the McKays, Boxley, Porter, John Rolston, the five Mathiesens, the Hellyers, old man Swanson, Peter Cranzalis, Tony Vichollo, Paul Pineski, Antoin Marek, Ben Zintak—all officers in their respective precincts; and with them were their friends. The hall was packed. George Rodgers, a Welshman, was chosen as the harmony president. McKenna, I saw you there, but after the third motion was made and seconded I remembered no more of what was going on. But I learned more of the necessity of preparedness in that five minutes than I did from reading the newspapers for six months.

“McKenna, you made the mistake of not having badges on us, so that we might know each other. For in not being so prepared, we licked as many of ourselves as we did of the enemy. We’re all for preparedness from this forward. And, when the next ‘harmony’ meeting is called for I’ll not be one of the ones not prepared.”

CONDITIONS CREATED BY THE WAR CLOUD PLAYS HAVOC WITH PAT PRICE'S 36TH PRECINCT CLUB.

"Mr. McKenna," said Pat Price, the President of the Thirty-sixth Precinct Republican Club, "as there is no important election to be held for some time, we have concluded to adjourn for the summer months. And with the hope in view that the war'll be over at that time. With all the mixed nationalities we have in our club, it would be no job for a delicate man to manage them. There's not a subject you can speak of, unless you have the sergeant-at-arms on guard.

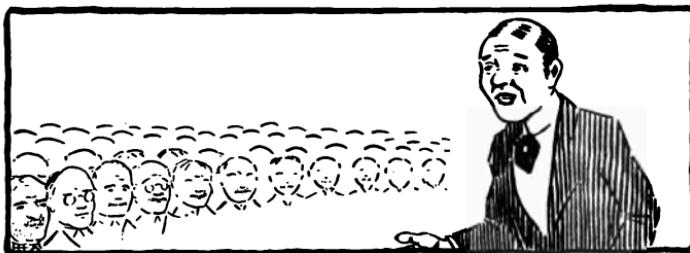
"There's only one subject that will hold them, and that is 'High Tariff.' Mention any other subject, Captain Madden and Sergeant Eagan and all the police in the Thirty-ninth Street Police Station couldn't keep them apart. There's some of them that likes their beer, and when they drink it they can't refrain from singing songs. Devil a song do they know but what Claybaugh and Clyne, the government spycatchers, has marked on their books as disloyal. But it is as hard to keep them from singin' when they're full of beer, as it is to make a Jew or a Frenchman talk with their hands tied. Every nationality seems to have a favorite song of their own. I can't understand them, but they

all get unaisy and restless if any song is sung but the Irish songs.

"Devil the Irish song I can sing—I never was a singer, McKenna; but Kelly—wherever he learnt it—sings 'God Save Ireland Says the Hero'—God Save Ireland Say We All'. McKenna, I don't know where Kelly learnt that song, but when you sing it I notice the both of you have the same tune—ye must have learned it together somewhere.

"Kelly has the Jews and the French, and the Bohemians and the Germans and them all singing this song until they're hoarse. They don't like it, because I have my eye on them and see that most of them have their fingers crossed. But they can't sing any of their own songs without becoming angry at each other. This is the reason that we're trying to adjourn the meetings until fall. If that Clabaugh and Clyne should discover an invention that could read folks' minds, one-half of the club would be interred until the close of the war.

"We call the meeting together when we meet, and say, 'We are all here as friends—for one common cause, for one country and one flag.' But, McKenna, I watch them as they repeat the words, and it's like singing the Irish song with them—two-thirds of them have their fingers crossed. This is why I am anxious to git away for the summer. So I've come down to say Good Bye to you—I'm off on my vacation."



DENNY M'MANUS OF THE 41ST PRECINCT ON THE REMOVAL OF THE HYPHEN.

“McKenna,” said Nicholas Ryan, “I was an invited guest at the Thirty-fourth Precinct Club meeting, where Edward Berndt, the German, is President of the club. The speaker of the evening was little Denny McManus. He comes from the Fortieth Precinct, that part of the Twenty-ninth Ward that was annexed to the Fifth Ward. It was the home of Tom Carey’s Indians. Denny is a South Boston boy, he’s got a name like an Irishman, and an accent like a Boston Yankee; but from Denny’s swagger, you’d think his old man came over in the Mayflower and that it was their family that discovered the Plymouth Rock.

“He started out by saying: ‘I am working hard to become a physician, and the first operation that I perform I would like it to be the removal of the *hyphen* out of all of you. It’s as

firmly rooted in ye as is the sting in a rattle-snake, and there's no exception in any of ye. And that's what's got us into trouble and war, and it's many of ye,' said he, 'that will have a lump raised on your bean before we get out of it. Ye can't help it,' said he. 'It's the first thing ye learn as kids. The many battles your forefathers had fought against one another, both religiously and politically, and what they did to one another. When ye come to this country,' says he, 'ye'r minds are on the easy cash you expect to get. But your hearts are back in the land from where ye came. And ye bring the ould sting with ye.

" 'Ye'r either Democrats or Republicans, when ye come here—not from any principle ye see in the parties.—but ye find out in whichever section of the country ye locate what party is it that has the country men and religionists in it that ye most hate. Then ye get in on the other side. And ye vote the ticket as the old maids play the horse races; they play the jockey—the record of the horse cuts no ice with them. And so with ye; ye get ye're ballot on election day and ye vote names and not for the qualification of the min. The ould sting is in ye and ye can't help it; and as long as that condition exists, we'll have no good government, and

that's why I'd like to operate on ye. For as long as there's a hyphen organization in this

country, it's an indicator that there is still a sucker left to be skinned. The hyphen is likened to the sheep at Armour's packing house—the old decoy hyphen leads them to slaughter and then he returns for a new bunch. And it will always be profitable business for someone as long as they can find hyphens. And as the hyphens

drop from any nationality represented in this country it's an indication that the people of that race are 'on' and the old decoy with the hyphen has lost his job. Now let us all get together, cut out the hyphen, make America *our* country and it will be a better day for us all.'

"McKenna," said Ryan, "the five spot you gave me I bought them a keg of beer with, for



sociability's sake. The hall was well filled; no songs were permitted except 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' and 'God Save Ireland'—that's Kelly's song. I noticed a marked improvement in their patriotism after McManus's discourse; for at the conclusion of the meeting he asked them all to stand up and hold up their hand, and said he, let us sing the closing ode, 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.'

"Now, at some of the previous meetings, I noticed one-half of them, as they sang patriotic songs, they kept their fingers crossed. But at this meeting not more than three of the radical ones had their fingers crossed. Harmony prevailed, and the meeting was adjourned without the aid of the police."

A WAR REFLECTION.

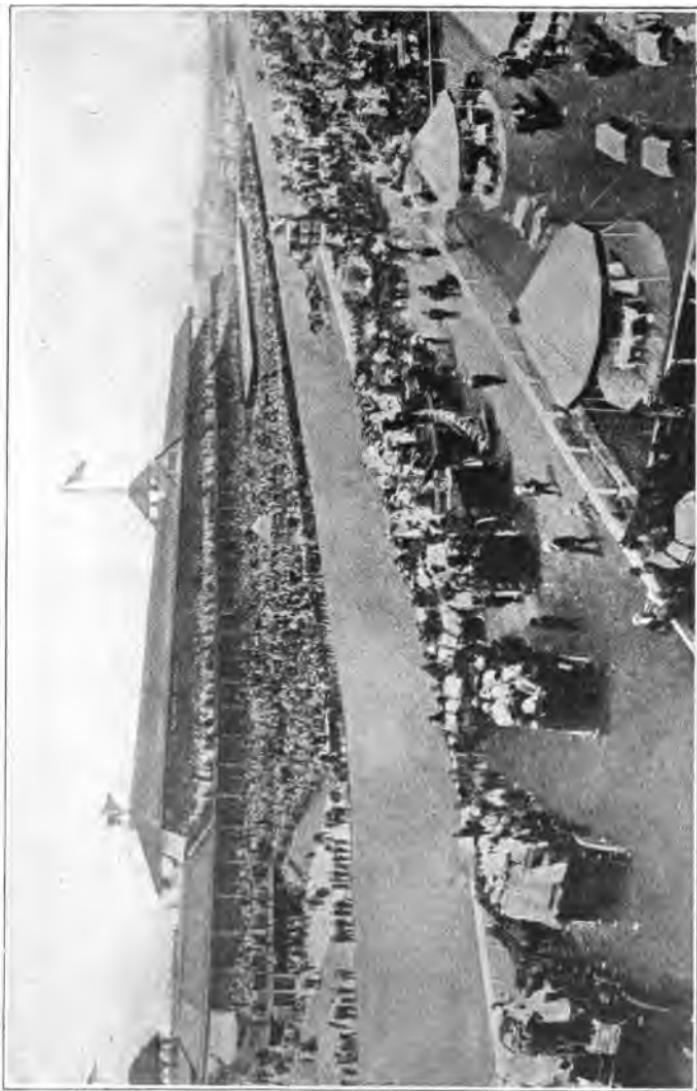
Oh, Power of Gold! You are Mammon's God!
You forced mankind to draw the sword!
You worldly God, without life or soul;
There'll be no hope while you're the goal!
You'll be here when the strife is o'er!
The boss of kings as you were before!

Those who live will restore the loss;
Those who live must pay the cost.
Our dearest friends lie beneath the sod;
Their souls have gone to meet their God.
You'll be here when the strife is o'er,
To rule the world as you did before!

You are the Goal for which Mammon strive.
You are the world God and Mammon's pride!
You'll be here when the strife is o'er,
The boss of kings as you were before!

You worldly God! without life or soul;
There'll be no hope while you're the Goal!
We may think and talk—but you'll still hold sway!
You'll be here when the strife is o'er,
To rule the world as you have before!

John J. McKenna.



Dougherty's Thoughts of the Brighton Race Track.



OLD "TURRENCE" DOUGHERTY'S ORATION BEFORE THE SUN WORSHIPERS' CLUB AT THE M'KINLEY PARK.

Here is a speech delivered by Old Terrence Dougherty, an Old Timer. A man that Barney O'Flynn says spent his younger days as a gang foreman—worked in every part of the country for contractors of all kinds, at railroad building, etc., and 'tis said of him he could bate any man that crossed him. In the ould days that was the first qualification a gang foreman had to have.

"Well," said Terrence in beginning his address, "I'm just back from the Benton Harbor Springs afther enjoyin' my short vacation. I find the war has increased the price of everything, and it has shortened the vacations, so here I am for lack of funds, among ye again.

"Fifty years ago this Fourth of July past I attinded the races here in this spot. What's the McKinley Park now was the ould Brighton

race track in those days, and it was a fine race track.

"It was a great day for the people in this neighborhood, when Representative Shanahan had the laws made at Springfield permittin' the South Park Commissioners to buy this land for a park.

"The land belonged to John Wentworth—'Long John' we called him when he was Mayor. He was known all over the country for the things he did and the size of the glass he took his 'sup' from.

"We enjoy this place with our arguments as much as does the young folks with their many games on the park fields.

"Anyhow, ye are always arguin' politics, and ye know all about it to hear ye talk, and McKenna's given us all a workout like Ned Corrigan, the race man, gave his string of colts. I would not have spoken here today but that I knew your statistician, Nicholas Ryan, would not be here. I am hasty and quick-tempered; and whin I start to talk, if I made a few mis-dates, and Ryan was to wave that Daily News Almanac under my nose in the way of contradiction, I would have to b'at him. Ryan is there wid his documentary evidence and will give no leeway at all.

"I have reasons for not fallin' out wit him at present, but some day he'll get it. And whin he does, I will take the advice of an ould Yankee contractor that I worked for as foreman in New Haven, Connecticut. He had a rule for all us

foremen. 'Never,' said he 'hit an Irishman wit' your fist.'

"But there are many good at givin' advice that will not stick to it themselves. Signs on this man, he forgot himself one day—I will never forget it. I helped to lift him into the commissary wagon that was takin' him to the hospital. But I'll not forget it when I start in some fine day on Ryan.

"Now, for politics, I say divil a thing is new in politics or religion.

"In religion the same ould divil that my father and your father and your grandfather heard tell of is still on the job, and was there as far back as the memory of man runs—and then some. An' he seems to thrive on abuse. He is a handy adjunct for Billy Sunday to have around to help him increase his bank account with. The ould divil has been a greater money maker to some than the Ford machine has been to ould Ford. The divil is a certainty—he never changes or goes out of fashion.

"The ould political machine is thim that is in power, and they're the same all over the world; and the outs are tryin' to get in to run the ould machine. And as there is not enough of the meal tickets to go the rounds, there's where all the trouble comes from. Billy Sunday can cry out 'there's room for all at the mourners' bench'. But it's not so wit' politics—there's not jobs or favors for them all. The ould political machine is, in some way, like the

ould divil—you may change the driver, but it's the same old machine.

"In the airy days after the war the boss of the Republican machine in the North had a soft job. All he had to do was to put one of the ould boys in blue at the polling place, have him cry out at the top of his voice—like a praying Dervish 'here comes the copperhead.' That's what they called the democrats in those days. The divil a democrat got an important office for years. That was soft goin' for the Republican machine boss.

"And whin I went south in the winter, as gang boss on the levee, I found the same conditions there at Charleston, Mimphis, Savannah and New Orl'ans. There was the ould boy in gray at the polling place—the same trick—he set up a murderin' cry, givin' out the ould rebel yell, 'here comes the Yankee', says he. Divil a Republican ever come within forty rods of a polling place. There it's for ye now in a nut shell.

The great adjunct to the ould bosses of both parties in the early days was the party newspaper. Anything a Democrat done was well spoken of by his party paper, and the same was true of the Republican party paper. Anything they did to one another or to the public, was shown to be all for the best, but as the old sayin' goes, 'Things have changed since Hannah died.' The press in the big cities has become bigger than the party. With them, the former single meal ticket don't go any more. They either run the machine themselves, or, as Bar-

ney O'Flynn says, the Chauffeurs Manual tells him that the little Ford machine will not run with water in the Carburetor, and so with the ould political machine tryin' to run it without the aid of the press is like Barney's Ford with water in the carburetor. It's a hard job.

"Government and society politics are just run on the same plan. I had to demonstrate this to Barney O'Flynn to convince him. So, said I to Barney, 'keep your eye open and ye'll see for yourself.'

"We belonged to a society that was havin' doin's goin' on; mimbers from all over comin' to visit our city, and we had officers to elect at the time. The officers we had were good officers, but I had to show Barney the game. We had Swedes, Germans and Irish as members, and some others.

"Well, we whispered to the Swedes, the Germans and the Irish that the opposite candidates said, that now that we were havin' visitors, it would not look good to have Swedes, Germans and Irish elected to be in the chair when the visitors come.

"Well, sir, the Swedes, the Germans and the Irish began whisperin' to each other that the officers were gettin' very high toned. Said the Swedes, 'we're as good as they are.' 'Yes, and better,' said the Irish. 'Sure thing, says the Germans. Say nothin', says I to them, but keep your eyes open. Our ticket was then made up of all Swedes, Irish and German.

"Well, sir, the result was, divil a man was

elected but a Swede, a German, and an Irishman, and I says, 'Now, Barney, are you convinced?'

"It's sayin' the right thing at the right time that carries public opinion. It's not drinkin' and talkin' loud in the bar room that wins the election.

"For when ould Malone of New York said 'God bless Wilson for keepin' us out of war,' the job was done, the election was won then and there. And as Mrs. Jim Kennedy says of ould Hughes, 'the foolish man to quit his good life job on the bench to go up against Wilson after that was said,' was like, said she, 'the ould man that married the young wife—more to be pitied than laughed at.'

"I think I have said enough, and I am glad that Ryan has not put in his appearance. And if ye keep him away next Thursday, I will continue the subject."



CONTINUANCE OF OLD DOUGHERTY'S ORATION.

“Well, I see you kept your word; and now I will continue my political discussion. Nicholas Ryan, your statistician, will not be here. Barney O’Flynn informs me that he sent him a decoy postal card informin’ him that one of his brother members of the Ancient Order of United Workmen wanted to see him immediately at the hospital—it makes me laugh; I have known Ryan for more than thirty years, and that’s the nearest he ever came to work, was when he joined a society that had a workin’ name to it. Don’t mention to him that I said this, but ‘tis true.

“Well, I showed you in my last discourse how the ould Democratic and Republican machine was kept in runnin’ order from the early 60’s to ’75 or thereabouts.

“Our Government is built on the plan that we agree to abide by whatever a majority of our Congress does whin it’s signed by the President —or what two-thirds of them do if not signed by the President. The Supreme Court at times

may say such and such is not constitutional. But until such time, it's the law. Now, whin ye don't agree on that, it's then back and bring on Mr. Force, the original governor of us all. There's your answer.

"Well, in the airy 60's there was some dispute as to State Rights, and for the time bein' they put the Constitution in the safe and brought out 'Mr. Force.' He did the job as ye all know, but it took time, min, and money.

"Well, after the ould regime died out, the risin' gineration took hould of the machines of both parties; they had very little to come in on, except high tariff and tariff for revenue only, and free trade for the ould Democratic machine of the South. Wit' this and the Committee on Credentials, they continued the running of the ould political machines. The high tariff and the Committee on Credentials did many a good turn for the ould Republican machine of the North. Free Trade and the Committee on Credentials did the same for the Democratic machine of the South.

"The ould Dimocraetic machine of the North was run on the text they read from some religiuous book, for their battle cry was 'First get ye the meal tickets and the job and all things else will follow.' Tammany won many a battle on that text.

"Ould Samuel J. Tilden in '76 was the first to come near puncturin' the Republican machine

tire; but the investigatin' committee appointed by the United States Congress eight to seven lost the spark plug somewhere in their investigating of the returns from New Orl'ans. This left the ould Democratic machine and Samuel Tilden stuck up on one of the hills on the Hudson—an' there ye are!

"It was smooth goin' again for a long time for the Republican machine; thin come along ould Grover Cleveland—he surely did puncture the ould Republican machine tire. Some one set up a loud cry about Grover at the time, but Barney O'Flynn says some one offset it with the cry 'let all of us kind o' fellows stick together,' and the result was Cleveland won in a walk.

"The ould Republican machine controlled both houses of Congress during Cleveland's first term, and you'd scarcely notice much in the change, and many the one came to the conclusion that the Democrats were not one-half as bad as depicted. It was a bad omen for the Republican machine; many said at the time if you covered Cleveland's chair, you couldn't tell whether it was a Democrat or a Republican who was in the White House. And it made it hard goin' for the ould Republican machine.

"But a few of the ould boys in blue that was left, got together, brought out the ould flag again, and with Senator Foraker of Ohio, they put up one of the 'Ould Guard', Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, back in the chair. And again

the ould Republican machine jogged away for a time.

“But ould Cleveland again caused a blow out with his ‘Tariff for revenue only’ cry. Well, we got it, and all that was in the satchel with it. Thin Coxie’s army distributed broken glass all along the road for the Democratic machine—an’ there you are.

“An’ thin come ould Mark Hanna with the long green, and McKinley wit’ the cry of the full dinner pail, and submarine Bryan and the ould Democratic machine. Bryan wit’ his ‘sixteen to one’ in silver got what every one else gets when they go up against the power of gold. They finish like Bryan and the ould Democratic machine did thin—stuck in the road with a car overloaded with crosses of thorns.

“Again the ould Republican machine goes smoothly until Teddy took big Bill Taft into the machine with him; the load was too heavy—. Teddy tried to have Taft l’ave the machine, but he refused. Thin Teddy hooked on the ould Bull Moose to the Republican machine, an’ between their draggin’ and scrapin’ the result was that Wilson run the ould Democratic machine into the White House.

“Thin ould Malone of New York, as Mrs. Jim Kennedy says, when he said ‘God bless Wilson for keepin’ us out of war’ that word filled the ould Republican machine carbureter full of tears, and it is now in the garage bein’ greased up, waiting for the new catchword that will get

the tide of public opinon to carry it again to the White House.

“The old Committee on Credentials at the last republican Convention saved Teddy from himself. Thanks to his friends, The Enemy. What a ducking the carbureter would have got if Teddy had met the fate of Hughes.

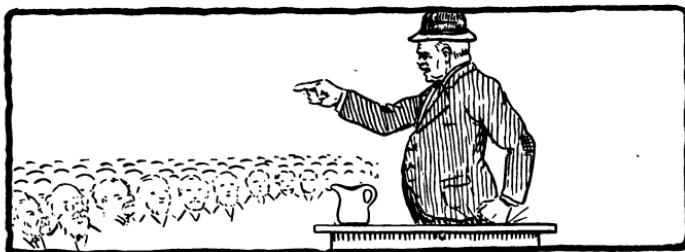
“The ould Democratic machine of the South has soft goin’—they may fight in the primary election—but there the machine boss has one sayin’ that never fails, and that is ‘No gintleman ever votes the Republican ticket.’ And the ould boss knows well that no Southerner will admit that he’s not a gintleman. So, no matter what the ould Committee on Credentials does to him, he’ll never bolt over to the Republican side.

“Politics is like any other business—ye can’t run it sittin’ on the wood pile. There are some that we know that started in the business on corned beef and cabbage, and have quit on champagne and birds, but they are few and far between. But there are many that we know that have started in on wine and birds, that have finished on corned beef and cabbage—an’ there ye are.

“Now, if ye don’t know the trick, as ould Keller, the Magician, says, ‘take it home and do it over several times till you are familiar with it, and maybe after tin or twinty years ye may be able to do it yourself.

“Well, here’s the finish of things as they stand today: Wilson and the Kaiser—like the

kids in the game of tag—the Kaiser touched Wilson and said to him, 'you're it.' Now it's up to Wilson to tag him back. An' what the next catch word will be to win the next election for the machines' bosses no one can tell, as it ain't coined yet. Now that I see Ryan comin' in the distance, I will say good afternoon to ye, and finish next week."



CONCLUSION OF OLD DOUGHERTY'S DISCOURSE.

“Well I'm here again and will finish my discourse. But before I start, let me tell you this story: Joe Sheehan just told it to me—he is just back from the Willow Springs. Joe's as big a trickster as ever put two feet in shoe leather. He said, ‘You can now talk your head off, Dougherty, for Ryan, the Statistician, will not be here to confront you. For Barney O'Flynn and myself shanghaied him in Barney's little Ford out to the Willow Springs, where he is now stranded on the roadside.’

“Barney is lyin' under a shady tree, readin' from the little red book ‘what to look for when the car won't start.’ Barney is pretindin' he's sick from the sun and h'at, and Ryan's doin' all the work tryin' to get the car started. Barney says he'll hold him there all day, and if all else fails him he will have Ryan crank the car wit' the spark lever so advanced that it will cause a kick back and maim Ryan, to prevent his return.’

“‘What will I look for,’ says Ryan again

when the car don't start.' 'Here it is,' says Barney, readin' aloud from the Red book, as he sits in a shady spot under the big tree: 'First see if there's gasoline in the tank. Is the cock at the tank shut off? Is there spark inside the cylinder? Is the throttle closed? Is the gas pipe clogged? Is the carbureter valve clogged? Have ye clogged air inlet? Have ye leaky manifold inlet pipe, Clogged spray? Dirty valves? Heavy float? Cold engine? Water in the gasoline system, etc.? Ye're now learning something about the ould auto machine as well as the ould political machine.' 'Well,' says Ryan, 'it's not water that's in the gasoline system. Sheehan may have spilled some cold beer in the carbureter, but we've seen no water since we left the Brighton.'

"'An' you, Barney,' says Ryan, 'have too much cold beer in your carbureter, an' that's what ails ye more than the h'at of the day.'

"'Well, I promised to confront Dougherty this afternoon; I see my plans have failed me,' says Ryan.

"'Barney,' says Ryan, 'from the way you read from the little Red book about the ailments of the auto, it sounds like an extract from the pamphlet of Lydia Pinkham on Pink Pills. The ould machine seems to have as many ailments as Lydia enumerated in her pamphlet in depictin' the troubles of the human body.'

"'As bad as the ould political machine is, it has not all of them ailments to contind with. Now, if the ould political machine hesitates, you

might ask, 'are the ould party papers barkin' loud enough in their praises of the officials; or are the m'al tickets and the favors bein' distributed ginerously; or are the committeemen workin' in unison and distributin' the m'al tickets where they will do the most good, etc. But the ould political machine has not got one-twentieth of the ailments that your ould automachine has if what you read from the little Red book is true.

"Anny how ye will have a great government when ye advance to the idea of Mrs. James Kennedy, the suffragette. Whin ye have the right of referendum on all questions pertaining to yer life, liberty and property. But if things were to keep on as before the war, it would take many a day to accomplish that. Yer big interests had drummers in every seaport town of the worrld, inducin' greenhorns to come, an' all the qualifications necessary was like the rule of the ould Yankee contractor that I was boss for in New Haven, Connecticut. His rule was for laborin' min; never hire one that's either weak or wise. That's the principle on which y'er immigration drummers worked—get them that's neither weak nor wise. For it's the work that's in thim that we want thim for, an' there you are.

"Ye have a great plan of government; it has been—and from all appearance it will continue for a long time to come—that either the ould Democrat or Republican machine will run it for ye. When they have everything prepared and

the bill of fare selected, they send out their invitations for the great banquet. Every one is invited to participate. But devil a thing ye have to say with what's goin' to be served. Ye can rail and find fault an' if ye don't like the Democratic feed, ye can go over to the Republican feed. But it's like the hotels in Pine Bluff, Arkansaw, where there are but two; whin ye go to one, ye wish ye had gone to the other—an' there it is for ye in a nutshell.

"About two hundred artistic machine experts plan out what the one hundred million of ye need for their best interests, an' yer best welfare; an' from the looks of things we will be layin' down below the clover with the top well smoothed over before any different plan will be brought into play.

"In the South there's a little of the ould sting of '61 left. Here is a sample of it: When I was boss at Biloxi, Mississippi, I met an ould man named Sullivan that was gardener for Jeff Davis at the time of the war. One day I said, 'Sullivan, how are ye?' 'All right, Dougherty,' said he, 'but for a little rheumatism in the right leg; a Yankee shot me in the leg there,' pointin' out to the Mississippi Sound ferninst the town of Biloxi.

"'Well,' said I, 'Sullivan, maybe it was an Irishman that shot you.' 'Oh,' he says, 'we called them all Yankees in those days.'

"Well, ould Sullivan married a Mississippi girl and they have the house full of Sullivans, an' ivery one of them has learned that a Yankee

shot the father in the leg, an from there comes the ould sting. An', as ould Sullivan said, all the ould ladies in the South, when the kids were small an' wouldn't go to sleep when tould, the ould ladies would say, 'here comes the Yankees.' So ye see it takes a long time for the ould sting to die out. In the South they raised their population—it was slow comin'. But in the North we imported most of our population. In the South the young generation of today talk of the war of '61 as if it was yesterday. Now, in the North, for instance in twinty of the wards of Chicago, if ye were to speak of the war of '61, it would be paid as little heed to as if you were talkin' of the battle of Clontarf, where Bryen Boiroimhe drove the Danes from Ireland—and there it is for ye.

"Our country may be compared with Lake Michigan, it's the greatest body of drinkin' wa-
ter in the worrld, but if ye turned all of the sewerage of Chicago into it, it would soon be de-
stroyed. So with our Government, it is the
greatest plan of government ever left to man;
but if you fill the country with all kinds of isms
and ignorance, you soon destroy your plan of
governmint.

"This war was not born from an American sentiment, but from a spirit of hatred, that the races of the ould worrld have had against one another generated and kept alive from one generation to the other, from stories they learned

from their fathers and grandfathers. And it came with too many of ye to this country.

"I hope it will be the good mothers of the country that will save us from greed. Intelligence, knowledge, and love of country is not cultivated in a fortnight. When our boys are going to fight, let them know that the flag is still in the care of their fathers and mothers, and that their places are not being supplanted with ignorance for the profit of the few. And that wherever Old Glory is seen floating that it still represents a country, run on the sentiments of Washington, Jefferson, and the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Now, let ye put that in your pipe and smoke it."

THE WAR IS A BAD OMEN FOR PAT ENGLISH AND HIS AFFILIATED CLUB.

“McKenna,” said Pat English, “I called down to see you on the same mission that Pat Price came last week, namely the advisability of the adjourning of the club meetings for the summer months. Pat Price told you the trouble he had to manage his club, on account of the new condition created by the war. Well, sir, if he had the trouble with his one precinct club, you can guess what mine is when they call one of them affiliated club meetings—whatever that means. No man but a college educated man like Mike Dwyer could think of a word like that.

“At our last week’s meeting of the affiliated clubs, we had all the war factions of Europe, made up of min that represent all races and religions of Europe; min that have been fighting one another for the past thousand years, as races and religionists. It’s no job for a sick man to manage them. One slip of a word, and they’re at it.

“For instance, John Pouillot, the Frenchman, said to Ed Berndt, the German, that Teddy was goin’ over to conquer Germany and be elected the Kaiser himself. ‘Well,’ said Berndt, ‘there’s a saying in my country, ‘There’s many a man that got a clean shave that never got to be Pope.’’’ Johnny Murphy had to separate them.

“We had an old lady suffragette address the meetin’. She said: ‘Min, why, but you assimilate the American idea and the American spirit.’

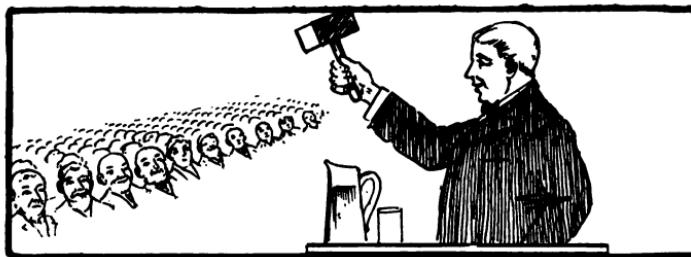
Sure them laddy-bucks know nothing of the American idea; the only thing they know is that they were skinned by every one they come in contact with the first five or six years they were in the country.

"Johnny Murphy says that when they get out of the skin class and become 'skimmers' themselves, they'll be as patriotic as the balance of ye.

"The good lady also spoke on the temperance question. Henry Korting, the German, said, interruptin' her: 'Ye can talk as much as you may, but there is more friendship in a pint of Cassidy's or Rolston's or Sheehan's or Hell-yer's whisky than there is in a barrel of buttermilk. If the question was to be decided on the noise, Korting won the debate.

"We always had a social keg o' beer at our meetin's before the war cloud came, but it's hard enough now to keep them apart on oatmeal water.

"I see so many of them, McKenna, with their fingers crossed when we sing our patriotic closing ode, that I am like Pat Price, afraid that Clabaugh and Clyne will come in upon them with their mind-reading apparatus and interne them until the war is over. So you see why I am anxious to get away for the summer. As Kelly says, 'Whin an Irishman learns enough to get away from the shovel, anybody that gets anything out of him without value received, is welcome to it.' So I'm off for my vacation. Good bye, McKenna."



THE DIPLOMACY OF TOM SHEEHAN, THE BUFFET KEEPER OF ARCHER ROAD.

“McKenna,” said Nicholas Ryan, “you missed the time of your life that you were not at our last week’s affiliated clubs’ meeting at Baker’s Hall. We had Tommy Sheehan, the saloonkeeper, to act as chairman. Tommy is very diplomatic. He says in order to insure harmony and good will, we’ll dispose of the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. ‘And now for new business,’ said he. ‘What is your pleasure?’

“Tommy told me privately, at first thought he was going to send for Sergeant Egan and Captain Madden of the Brighton station to furnish protection. But when he saw come in as visitors Patrick English, Hennessy, Gear, Johnny Murphy and Norton, from ‘The Pocket’ precincts, and with them Rudolph Klank, the wrestler, and then our own talent—looking them over, said he, ‘This will be an orderly meeting, for any one now wantin’ to fight can

get all he wants of it just for the asking.' And that's the best guarantee against fighting.

"Mike Dwyer set the ball to rolling by saying, 'We are now at war for the freedom of the seas and for the freedom of small nations; and I have a resolution prepared so as to guard against mishaps. It's asking for the freedom of Ireland first.'

"The motion, to our surprise, was seconded by Dan Pool, an old salt sailor, an Englishman. He said he sailed around the world eleven times. He's been in every port and principal city in the world, from Liverpool to Bombay; and it gave him the pleasure of his life to have the privilege of seconding the motion. 'For,' said he, 'he worked with the Irish sailor, and that the English sailor and the English navvie and the Irish sailor and the Irish navvie were the two greatest friends,' from his experience, that's in all His Majesty's possessions.

"Said he, 'Their likes and dislikes are alike. They like the girls and they like their drink, and they dislike a tightwad, and they believe in the same principle that money was made to keep circulating.' And said he, 'As John L. Sullivan says, they're the only men of two nations that will take off their shirts and make a square stand-up fight with the weapons that nature gave them. And for union principle,' said he, 'either one of them will starve to death, rather than to violate its command. And as far as I've ever heard, where the English and the Irish don't agree and get along is in the

House of Parliament,' so said he, 'I hope the motion will prevail.'

"You could hear the noise of the answer 'yea' in the neighborhood for two days after the motion was put.

"Herman Klank near caused a commotion when he stood up to favor the motion. He said he wished that when Ireland was getting her freedom, that the English government would be in the same predicament that Russia was in when they had to give up Poland.

"Now, Tommy Sheehan was very diplomatic; he saw what was coming immediately, and said he, 'Fellows, I have a friendly tip for ye. One of the government officers with Sergeant Eagan and Captain Madden, and a few bulls are at the front door as you go out. Some one has informed them that some of the persons present have concealed weapons with them.'

"'Now,' says he, 'let me tell you something; be quiet and quick; slip down the back way and out through my place.' It worked like a charm and saved a battle royal. The hall was emptied in two minutes without a cross word and without the aid of the police."

JERRY DUGGAN, PRESIDENT OF THE 40TH PRECINCT REPUBLICAN CLUB IN CONFAB WITH M'KENNA.

“McKenna,” said Jerry Duggan, president of the Fortieth Precinct Republican Club, “there’s always more or less discord in our meetings. It’s a new precinct, made up of foreigners from all parts of the world. Savin’ a few Irish there, you might say they’re all foreigners.”

“Duggan,” says Jim Doyle, “sure them that you call foreigners are no more foreigners than the Irish. Sure, they have their papers as well as you have.”

“Well, sir,” says I, “it’s not papers that change you from bein’ a foreigner. You might have papers the size of a bale of hay and still be a foreigner. Anny man with half an eye in his head, if he looks around him, can see that, in anny part of the country you turn into, today. As Bobby Burns says, ‘You can place your minted mark on copper, brass and a’ that, but the lie is gross, the cheat is plain, it will no pass for a’ that,’ An’ I am tellin’ you it’s just the same with the papers. They’re only the certificate; ‘the man’s the gold for a’ that’, and papers don’t change him if his heart is not right. And this does not apply to any particular nationality, but we see it in them all.”

“Begorra,” says Duggan, “it’s wastin’ labor and paper, McKenna, to be furnishin’ certificates for the Irish. For as sure as I’m tellin’

ye, there's scarcely an ould Irish mother in Ireland but has one or more sons or daughters in America, livin' or dead; and where the missin' ones are, there's where the heart and love is. Not only of the mother, but the whole family. And that's why I say it's wastin' time and paper to be furnishin' certificates to the Irish. They're none of them foreigners when they come here, for their hearts and love were in America long before they thought of sailin' for America. Now you can see that in every place you go to today; it's not the paper that changes you from bein' a foreigner—all the papers in the world wouldn't do the job. It's something that's in *you* and *not* the papers. It's not the grassy field or the running brook, because they're everywhere. It's the remembrance of the livin' sintiments of George Washington that's in our hearts that changes us from bein' 'furreigners'. For, with those sintiments dead, all countries would look alike to us. And I hope we'll never live to see that day.

"And it's not the Constitution, for there are min that could ate the Constitution. But it's that unwritten law, the sentimints of Washington, that has so firmly rooted itself in our system that it cannot be changed or destroyed without takin' with it the life of the Nation. This is the sintiment—and not paper certificates—that changes us from bein' 'furreigners'.

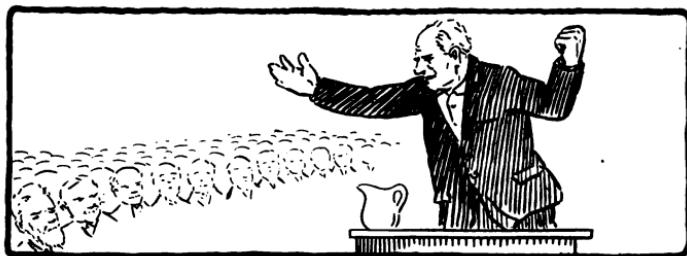
"At our last meetin' we had the divil's time; they induced Mike Dwyer, the tay man, to act as chairman of the meeting'. Mike speaks sivin

different languages and uses them all to advantage in sellin' tay to the women folks of the ward. He started up the meetin' by sayin' that from writings and from evidence we find in the excavations in Egypt, that as far back as nine thousand years ago, somewhere in the Valley of the Nile, min assembled as we are tonight to better their condition.

"Ryan says overreading is like overeating if you are consuming stuff you cannot digest.

"At Dwyer's remarks the fun commenced. Little Nicholas Ryan jumped to his feet, sayin', 'I challenge your assertion, Dwyer. You have been reading profane history and takin' your excavation report from un-Christian scientists who are doin' the devil's work in tryin' to destroy the Bible. You've got us back now more than two thousand years before the Good Book tells that God made man at all. We can stand for political heresy; but we'll not stand for any of that kind of falsifyin', profane history doctrine that you started out with. And I demand that you retire from the chair and discontinue your talk.' "

The timely arrival of Sergeant Eagan announced that Mintz' Clothes Pressing Parlor next door was on fire, and advising them for safety to lave the hall as quick as possible saved the day, as both sides were equally divided.



SPEECH DELIVERED BY OLD MAN ANTHONY DEVLIN AFTER TAKING TWO SUPS OF SHEEHAN'S WHISKEY.

"McKenna," says Con O'Brien, "the Forty-first Precinct Club had one grand time at our last meeting; we had everything that goes to make up sociability, with song and talk galore.

"McKenna, whatever is in that whisky of Sheehans, I don't know, but they say it will make a dummy talk.

"When old man Anthony Devlin got in two glasses of it you could not stop him, and without it you couldn't get a word out of him any more than you could out of a stone.

"Well, sir, we got him to make a speech. He started in by saying he didn't know what the rising generation was coming to at all. 'Ye're a race of chance-takers,' said he. 'And, boys, let me tell ye; I was in the employ of the Brooklyn Department of Public Works the summer that Henry Ward Beecher took hell out of religion. I knew Henry well, and one day, says I to him, 'Your Riverince, when you get hell out of re-

ligion, then you've lost control of the rising generation.' And the longer I live the more convinced I am of the same. And now it's the same thing with politics. When the politicians put civil service into politics, ye lost control of the precinct workers.

"In the ould days they sent out their call. If every one did not respond with every relation they had, there would be something doing before the week was over. Now, when they send out a call, all the gang begins to stall.

"I know it; I've worked in the West Parks mowing the grass when William J. Cooke was the superintendent, and at the time Yates was Governor. We had one of them severe Swede foremen over us, and this was a primary day. Said he: 'The General—meaning William Cooke—will be around tomorrow to inspect, and the grass must be attended to—primary or no primary.'

"Well, sir, I said to the boys, 'look out ye for the primary; God will care for the grass. But if ye lose the primary, there'll be new grass mowers here in a short time.' And I whispered, 'A new boss, too.'

"Well, the boss insisted that the grass must be first attinded to, and the result was our fellows lost the primary by six votes.

"And as true as I'm tellin' ye, there were very soon new grass mowers and new bosses on the job. And with the new min came civil service. One of the questions, in order to get a job

mowing grass, was to describe hydrogen and oxygen.

“Said I in me answer, ‘Divil a gin I know of but Holland gin and it’s all right for thim wooden-shoe fellows, but it’s very sickenin’ for the Irish if you take too much of it at one feed.’

“I passed the examination.

“Now, I see by the papers, that a society of old men and women are about to take the execution out of the law. You may laugh, but stranger things have been done. Little Dinny McManus’ bill will then come into play, and it will regulate everything. You have now the honor of bein’ tried before a jury of your fellow citizens. But Dinny’s bill changes it to read, ‘You will be tried in all cases by men in your own line of business.’ This, says Dinny, ‘will clean the court calendar, will empty the jails, will reduce the number of judges and court bailiffs and juries and all that, and will save the tax payers money.’ Dinny says there’s tricks in all trades but the carpenters, and at times they drive a screw with the hammer. And so it will be in all things. What to an outsider now seems an offinse, whin you’re tried by min in your own line of business, they will see that the offense that you’re charged with is but a trick in the trade and no harm or great wrong attached to it—especially no crime.

“It’s horse traders will act as the jurymen in all cases where cheating goes on in regard to horse trading. Preachers will be tried by

preachers, bankers by bankers, gamblers by gamblers, trusts by the trust officials, commission men by commission men. So you can see by this bill of Dinny's, with hell out of religion, civil service in politics, the execution out of the law and Dinnys bill in operation, there's a brighter and happier day for us all in store."

After these remarks Anthony fainted, and he was revived by another glass of the **same** kind of whiskey that started him to talkin', and the meetin' adjourned for the summer months.



LITTLE JOHNNIE'S INQUIRY.

Grandpa, you must tell to me,
What's all this war about?
My teacher—she don't seem to know
Makes Mamma cry to tell,
And Murphy's boy, he swore today!
He said that war was hell!

Now, Grandpa, you must tell to me,
'Cause then I'll know just why
When Mamma gets Pa's letters,
She always starts to cry.

Mamma's not the only one,
'Cause I know other boys
That have Pa's, too, that's gone to war
And Mamma's, too, that cry.

Say, Grandpa, do just tell to me!
'Cause then I'll know just why
When Mamas get those letters
They always start to cry.

Grandpa will not tell to you
What's all this war about,
'Cause if it was that easy
Then there'd be no reason why
That Papa's, too, must go to war
And Mamma's have to cry.

—John J. McKenna.

THOUGHTS OF THE HOUR.

Here's to the thoughts expressed in words,
By men in days gone by;
Whose object was to raise mankind,
Or in the struggle die.

Here's to the thought mankind
Before the law shall on an equal stand;
And here's to the men who expressed in words
These sentiments so grand.

Here's to the conditions brought about
To prove those thoughts were true;
And here's to the men who sacrificed
To better I and you.

Here's to the unmarked graves
Where lie those heroes true,
Whose lives were but a sacrifice
To better I and you.

Here's to the grand old flag!
And the Constitution, too;
And here's to the thoughts expressed in words,
That have proven staunch and true;
And here's to the men whose thoughts and words
Have bettered I and you.

Here's to George Washington
And Abraham Lincoln, too,
And to all brave men who did the things
To better I and you.

Here's again to our Constitution,
And to those heroes of the days gone by,
Who left that Constitution
To protect both you and I.

Let our Congress not now desert us,
But as free men, staunch and true,
With all their might, stand for the right,
As Washington taught them to.

John J. McKenna.



YOUNG DOUGHERTY THE LAWYER ON PRACTICAL GOVERNMENT AND NICHO- LAS RYAN'S VIEWS ON A FEW OTHER THINGS.

"McKenna," says Dan Flynn of the 33rd Precinct, "last Tuesday night was a great night for oratory in our precinct. Big Tom Dougherty's son, the young lawyer, made the principal talk of the evening.

"Begorra, McKenna, it takes Sheehan or Cassidy's whisky to make some of them talk; but this laddie Buck could talk all day on ice water. The risin' generation is a wonder. It makes me laugh when I think back. I knew most of their grandfathers. They were good handy min with the shovel, and artists at erecting straight lumber piles and the like o' that. But the risin' gineration's away from the shovel and the lumber pile. It's nothin' now but 'Dr. Schultz, Lawyer Dougherty, Banker and Broker McNear and Pault, etc., etc.

" 'Why is the cause of this?' said I to little Nicholas Ryan of the 31st precinct. 'Well, sir,'

said he, 'let me tell ye ye can't raise good shoveler and lumber pilers on one of them bottles with the rubber nipple. Now that's the whole thing in a nut shell,' said he.

"Sure, the first thing a young couple thinks of now when they're gettin' married is the bird cage and the silver collar for the dog; and if any mishaps does occur, thin for the bottle and the bogus malted milk. There's yer answer for ye, now. No good shoveler or lumber pilers will come from that stuff.

"Well, sir, young Dougherty gave us a talk on practical government. Said he. 'The ould days of the min with the broad-brimmed hat and homespun suit, and with the glad hand is a thing o' the past. The man,' said he, 'that has control of the feed box and the meal ticket is the man we take our hat off to today. There's tickets,' said he, 'for the water pipe extension department employees. The trust meal ticket,' said he, 'is the right to go on and clean up things without bein' investigated, and the gambler's meal ticket is a like one. The race-track man's ticket is the privilege of running races with the assistance of the Sheriff. The show man's ticket is the right to crowd the aisle and scalp the tickets without the interference of the police force. The every day business man's ticket is a privilege to block the sidewalks with his goods and wares as though he was the only one on earth. The real estate man's ticket is the privilege of violatin' city ordinances, subdividing and building imitation homes to sell the

public. The stock exchange man's ticket is the right to buy and sell the earth and all things therein five times per day on margins without it's being classified as gambling. And so it goes along down the line,' said he. 'Railroads, gas, electric and telephone tickets is the privilege that ye're all acquainted with. Everybody is after a meal ticket and hence the power of the new political king.'

" 'Think,' said he, 'of the assortment of meal tickets our President has on hand, and the mayors of the big cities. It makes one of them kings on the other side of the pool look like thirty cents compared with what our bosses have. And, said he, 'if Napoleon Bonaparte had had the meal tickets at his disposal when he was on the island of St. Helena, that those I have mentioned have, he would have had the holders of them put to work and bail out the ocean so that he could drive home with his coach and four.'

" 'A job holders' meal ticket,' said he, 'is but a lead one compared with the new conditions. It's not Ould Brown, the merchant, any more,' said he, 'but it's the Brown Company, a creature of the political powers that be. And it needs a meal ticket to keep it from slipping a cog,' said he.

" 'There're all kinds of meal tickets; one legalizing certain business that certain folks are radical enough to term gamblin'. The ticket holders of tariff reduction and reduction of revenues on certain goods controlled by certain in-

terests; conservative banking law tickets; conservative insurance tickets; life is too short to mintion thim all,' said he.

" 'But,' said he, 'the same ould meal ticket when out workin' produced the same effect on the grand common people of America that it does on the aristocrats of Europe. It keeps thim bowin' and scrapin' to their respective made and born bosses. It cements a bond of friendship between them that keeps the existing condition of things together.

" 'And you notice,' said he, 'when any one does anything to disturb the ould boss of the meal ticket, all the ticket houlders begin to chirrup; and when you start to do up the ould boss, ye find,' said he, 'ye have to do up all the ticket houlders. For we are a very conservative people,' said he, 'when things are in our favor.

" 'But,' said he, 'we can see power and virtue is alike—it's aisy destroyed. And when ye lose the job as boss of the feed box and distributor of the meal ticket, you're like,' said he, 'the Czar of all the Russias—that small that you could not be seen by one of them powerful glasses used by the street corner astronomer that shows you the moon.'

" McKenna, young Dougherty is a fine looker—I wish him success. But they say in my part of the ould country, "the bigger the rogue, the more ginteel."

" At this juncture of the meeting Cassidy stepped in and rose up his hand. 'Just a mo-

ment,' said he; 'when ye adjourn, come over to my place. I've just tapped a fresh keg of lemonade and want to have the privilege of givin' a treat to the success of young Dougherty, our neighbor.'

"And we did. The meeting was a grand success."

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

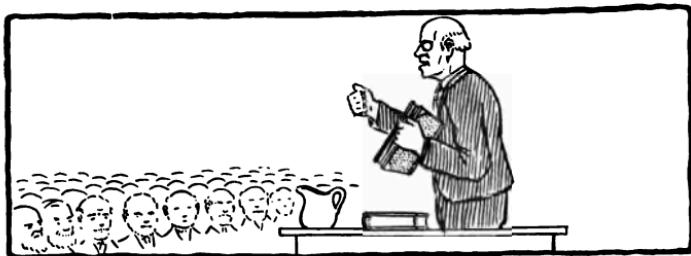
There is a fountain and a great one,
Widespread in our land;
Thousands of God's people it has in command.
It's a fountain of all evil, an ocean of tears.
From its fountain head into this world flows
Directly or indirectly all our miseries and woes.

From this monster fountain many streams doth flow,
And to near all of God's people, in high rank and low,
It has left its mark. And lo! Mark its woe!
In its sparkling stream as it gracefully glides
From our beautiful cities to our far mountain sides,
Where'er it has rested it has there left its trace,
It's killing by thousands the men of our race.

It's a fountain of enterprise, not one of God's make,
It's established for us in this land of the free,
Our asylums and prisons—yes, far worse I see
In its terrible flow, in its terrible strife
It has caused separation of husband and wife.
It has caused little children the streets to roam
Without father or mother, shelter or home.
In hunger and rags doth it cause them to go
To the prison door with its stream do they flow.

All of our hopes doth its stream flood away,
In it our lives and our prospects decay;
Our God, our Lord, our family, our friends,
Our virtue, our morals to its bottom descend,
Oh, it's that cursed fountain for which many crave
And with its stream flow to the poor pauper's grave.

—John J. McKenna.



RYAN ON LOYALTY TO THE FLAG.

“Begorra,” says Nicholas Ryan, in beginning his address, “McKenna” will have us talkin’ until some fine day Sergeant Egan and Captain Madden of the Brighton Station will come along and jug us all.

“Well, we can do nothin’ else to enjiy ourselves but talk. What was fun to us once is now labor, and we are past that. The park fields we now give over to the young folks.

“But here in the memory of the late beloved McKinley, unless we forget ourselves for the moment, we could nayther say nor think anything that would intintionally harm anyone.

“Everybody is trying to say and do things that would regulate the things of the worrld to their liking.

“But it’s the divil’s job to do the convincin’. There have been many good talkers in the field since the ould world first began to bob around, and a never a one of ‘em as yet has been able to get away with his argument without finding a disputer. The same is true with ye—the divil an argument can a man present to ye, but y’er

there with your documentary evidence and statistics to prove he is wrong or mistaken in his conception of the subject presinted.

"So a man may just as well be sayin' nonsensical things to ye as presentin' solid matter, for ye dispute it no matter what is presinted.

"As Barney O'Flynn tells of his experience he had in a week's stay on the jury. Says Barney, "The devil such eleven stubborn men did I ever meet in my life as I did on that jury. I near talked myself to death trying to convince them that the way they ought to decide the case was as I thought. It was a useless job. I said to Barney, 'May be ye were wrong.' 'No,' says Barney—'how could I be wrong!'

"An' that's the way with a lot of ye. I believe in free speech to any one. I think it is a good thing to let any one shout out that what is in thim; the gallery will soon decide whether he's in the right or wrong, and if wrong they'll be there wit' their answers, 'back to the high timbers with you.' But I don't believe in a fellow, that when the gallery decides that he is wrong, that he is then in for b'atin you or pullin' the gun out to make you believe as he does.

"Now Teddy says we'll have to do something to stop this disloyalty that is goin' on. Well, sor, Teddy with all his good faults is the submarine of startin' things. When he thinks a thing is wrong—no matter what others may think—he's there with the sledge hammer immediately. He tore up the red tape in the army with one rip whin he went out wit' the b'ys to

Santiago. He dropped the pile driver hammer weight on ould Bill Taft and the Republican machine at the Coliseum; and if he had his way he would have had us over to beat the Kaiser without givin’ us time to put on our clothes.

“Teddy’s like Barney O’Flynn—hasty but well meanin’. Barney was workin’ on the sewer wit’ Tom Byrnes, when one day an Italian said something to Barney. He up wit’ the shovel an’ let it fly at the Italian. And as it was makin’ its way for the Italian’s head Barney cried out ‘Tony, dodge it’, said he. That’s the doings and sayin’s of things without considering the damage ye may be doin’.

“Well surely every body can’t say what Teddy says without being jugged. But he sets the example, and the lesser lights follow him. An’ that’s the cause of all this turmoil that’s now going on in the country.

“Sure there’s no American that’s disloyal to the principle as laid down by Washington, Jefferson and the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Now that’s the country—it’s not the grassy fields, or the hills or the water—it’s those sentiments that’s America. That’s what the Flag stands for. There’s no one disl’yal to that. It’s slingin’ the shovel without thinkin’ of what might be the consequence. That is the cause of our turmoil but there is no disl’yalty.

“But there are things that people are inquiring about; we see all the min, children and women in harness workin’. We know that capital is plentiful and money cheap. New invin-

tions—labor savin' machines of all kinds; great educational institutions everywhere, but we can't find why, with all that we have, that the masses of the people are payin' higher prices for every article today than they did whin things were made by hand. Who is doin' the trick? That's what we would like to know, and how is it done? Or would the knowin' take all the fun out of the trick?

"These are some of the things we would like to be hearin' about. But after all, what's the difference to us ould fellows, and the devil the care have the young on their minds but fun and pleasure, and they have it, with all our kicks and faultfindin'; and as Barney and I took our jaunt with our little Ford through the classic suburban towns of the North Shore, we see our finish in what we see in others if we live too long. We find, whether we're high financiers, or high grade shovelers, we'll all meet that finish which we see in our jaunt. There they were—the high financiers of the past, the few of them that have lived to the ripe ould age, as I say, a few years too long—there they were pushin' the go cart for the son or daughter-in-law if there was anything to push. If not, then exercising the poodle or out on the shady side of the lawn wit' the parrot, learnin' it to swear.

"Now, let ye go home and think it over until next Thursday afternoon when Pat Price will be back from his vacation with a good fish story. An' as they say a good fisherman and a good liar generally make the trip together."



PAT PRICE BEFORE THE SUN WORSHIPERS' CLUB AT THE M'KINLEY PARK ON HIS RETURN FROM VACATION. HIS FISH STORY IS GOOD.

Pat Price, President of the Thirty-sixth Precinct Republican Club addresses the Sun Worshipers Club at McKinley Park on his return from his vacation.

“Well, I’m glad to see this number of ye here this afternoon. I would have forgot all about the meetin’ but for John Noonan’s kid. Said he to me ‘Mr. Price, are you goin’ to the Sun Worshiper’s Club this afternoon?’

“What the devil do ye m’an wid yer Sun Worshipers Club?”

“Well,’ said he ‘we kids call you fellows Sun

Worshipers because ye'r always on the sunny side of the McKinley monument on cold days.'

"Chase yourself," said I to him, and he made a noise at me like a billy goat.

"Well, sir, that Dutchman, George Abhau and John Noonan have that many kids running loose in the park they ought to be payin' a special tax for them.

"Well, sir, anyhow, fishin' is a pleasure. As Barney O'Flynn says 'charity covers a multitude of sins.' So say I fishin' covers a multitude of secrets from the ould woman, for as Barney says, at times he likes a drop, and the ould woman is on to him. She wouldn't give in that she knew he was takin' it, for if she did, she knows he'd finish the job. But she hacked and sighed and says—'Barney.' Do you smell what I smell, would the house be on fire, or what is it do ye think?' Very well does she know what it is, and she hints very strong, but still won't give in. So to make a long story short the Lake Front is a good place—there is lots of room there an' ye'r in the company of thim that the smell of the bottle is not offensive to.

"Barney O'Flynn said to me today 'did ye ever notice the wimmin? The first question your wife will ask mine when they meet is 'How is Barney?' and the next is 'Is he workin?' That's all they care—is he workin.' For then they know the pay envelope will be comin'. Begorra, they're on to us' says Barney. But I say wid all their faults we couldn't get along without them. They may rummage yer pockets to see

that there's no holes in thim that you might lose your change, and sometimes fight with you. But ever since they j'ined partners with us in strippin the tree of the apples in the Garden of Aiden, it seems the devil couldn't keep us apart.

"This is a very appropriate place to meet—here at the monument erected in the memory of William McKinley. Historians may write that there were greater men than McKinley, but his death came at a time whin our beloved country was at peace and harmony, with prosperity smilin' on the face of every man, woman and child, rich and poor, throughout the lingth and breadth of the land.

"Whin other great min died, there was some ould sting from some cause that with some people could not be forgotten at the time.

"But when the clock stopped and the hum of industry died for the moment in respect to McKinley's memory, there was not a sting left in the h'arts or the minds of the American people. An' the spirit of good will that was shown to his memory on that day was sincere and came from the hearts, as pure as the smile that comes to the face of a loving child, and may the Lord be always good to him.

"Well, Barney O'Flynn and myself are good fishermen if we have to say it ourselves. An' I am now going to tell ye of one of our fishin' trips below at the Lake Front some years back. After what we see, heard, and drank, we thought thin, as ye do now, that we had the solution of

the very questions that keep ye here arguin' about day afther day. The story is this:

“ ‘As we set out on the lake pier, along came an ould Game and Fish Warden that said he was from somewhere down in Egypt, Illinois. It was at the time the late ‘Private John’ Tanner was the Governor of Illinois. ‘Well’, said the Game Warden, when he took a look at what he see goin’ on, said he, lookin’ at Barney and myself—‘There’s something wrong in Denmark,’ said he. There to his view was the Swedes, the Danes and the Norwegians, fishin’ wit nets and seines, and the balance of us had only the line and hook. There, said he, ‘they are like the high financiers. They fish for fish and the dollars, while ye fish for fish and the sport that’s in it. They have carts to carry away their catch, while ye could aisly carry away yer catch on a small shtring.

“ ‘That’s not fair,’ said he; ‘things are not equalized right.’

“Just then come along an Irishman by the name of McDermott. I will never forget him. The Irish are gineraly religiounly inclined. But whin ye get one of them that is not, the devil only knows what he may do. They say it was wan of them that invinted the submarine, but I’m not thinkin’ that bad of them.

“But anyway, this McDermott came along wit’ what we afterwards found out to be a stick of dynamite—a wire wit’ a battery attached to it. Whin the Swedes, and the Danes and the

Norwegians see him, they stopped their work to watch him. The Game Warden never see the like of that below in Egypt, and was not heedin' McDermott until he touched the button. Well, sir, up come a splash and up come ten thousand fish. It took all the carts in the First Ward to carry all the fish away.

"'Well, sir,' said the ould Game Warden, 'I will put a stop to all this. Things must be aiquidized,' said he. And back to Springfield with him. He had a bill passed aiquidizing things in the fish line, compelling them all to go back to the hook and line, so that all would get an equal chance at the fish.

"'Well, sir,' said Barney O'Flynn to me, after takin' another sup from the bottle; 'here, you take a drop, too.' Said he, 'We have now solved the whole question that's uppermost in the minds of the people over the question of regulatin' things on the river of commerce, said he.

"'What do we find, said I. At the head of the stream there was ould Jay Gould, ould Morgan, ould Vanderbilt, wit' their nets. Thin come along young Forgan, young Vanderbilt, Carnegie and Schwab, with their seines, and spread them clear across the river of Commerce, wit the fish swimming low, and the swiftness of the tide, divil a catch at all could the great mass of fishermen, wit' the hook and line get; lucky if they got a nibble.

"'When along came ould man Harriman, wit' the Irishman McDermott's tactics of dynamite.

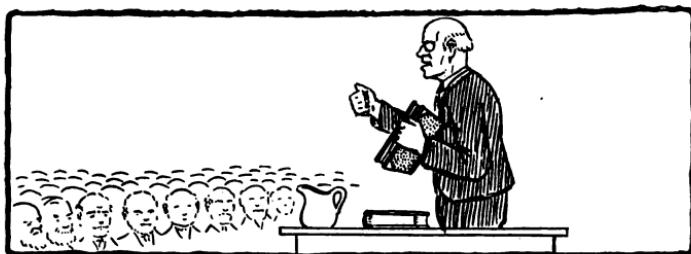
With his plan he caused a splash in the river of Commerce that so wet or watered the stocks of all the concerns that he was interested in, that their price was thirty fold increased to him after the duckin' he gave them. Well, he near took all the money in sight with him. When we see that, Barney cried out:

“ ‘Now for the solution, Patrick! We will have our Congressman present a bill similar to the Fish Warden’s bill compellin’ them all to go back to the hook and line.’

“ Well, sir, to our surprise the Invisible Government, as Root called it when he was a candidate for office—it did to our bill what the dog pound master does to the vicious dogs when they come to the dog pound—chloroform them. Our Congressman said ‘that’s the fate your bill met—chloroformed in the committee’, said he. And there you are. The divil a sign or tidin’ has ever been heard of it since.

“ ‘Well,’ said Barney, when he heard the news, ‘our bait was too small to go regulatin’ things wit’ anyway. But may be it’s all for the best,’ said Barney. ‘For many’s the hole would be left undug if some of us was not broke.’

“ With this I’m goin’ to quit ye, but will be here next Thursday to hear from some of the other boys that will have returned from their vacation for lack of funds.”



RYAN, THE STATISTICIAN, AND M'KENNA IN CONVERSATION.

"McKenna," said Nicholas Ryan, the statistician of the Sun Worshipers Club, "you will have to do me a favor. It's like this, whenever there's a lot of talkin' going on, or letter writin' there's always explanations to follow. For instance, whin the Pope, or Wilson, or the Kaiser sind out letters or make speeches, you'll see following their letter or addresses, explanations by the cabinet members and secretaries sayin' what was said didn't mean what ye t'ought; but it meant this and that, and sir, it seems as if it takes months before that what was said is explained so that we can understand what was meant by the words that were said; and now the same is true in what I'm going to explain to you. It's all concerning some remarks that Pat Price of the 31st Precinct made at the meeting at McKinley Park. Price is a friend of mine, and he's all right; but misstatements will occur. He wants me to apologize for him. Now, I'm up on statistics, but am no good on apologizin', especially where women

are concerned—an' that's the rub. An' that's why I'm askin' ye to do the apologizin' for me.

"Now, it's like this: When Pat Price was comin' down 38th street on the day of the meetin', he was met by a kid askin' him if he was goin' to the Sun Worshipers Club meetin', and some words took place between them. Well, sir, John Ralston, the saloon keeper, was standin' in front of his buffet just whin the conversation took place. Ralston is full of tricks. After the conversation, Price stepped into Ralston's buffet to have a 'sup' to kind o' brace him up for the speech he was goin' to deliver at the park, and Price said to Ralston: 'Whose kid was that?'

"Now, Ralston with his tricks said: 'That's John Noonan's kid.' And further said he 'John Noonan and the German contractor, George Abhaue, have that many kids runnin' loose in the park that they ought to be payin' a special tax for them.' Well, you see this deceived Price and in his remarks at the park he mentioned that report. Price was angry at the kid for some remark that he made that vexed him.

"Well, it now turns out that Mrs. John Noonan is your sister, McKenna; and she stopped Price on the street askin' him to explain. Said she to Price, 'I have no children at all; and if my husband, John Noonan, has that many of them that they're crowdin' the park, I want to learn about it.' Well, she and Mrs. George Abhaue are two personal friends, and it's the

same case with Mrs. Abhaue, and she's after Price for an explanation. An' her husband, George, is very vexed and can't explain the circumstances to her. And there it is for you. An' it's Ralston, the trickster, that's the cause of it all; but he's under cover and says he remembers nothin' of the evint.

"So you see how aisy a man can be deceived. Now Price says it was aisy to deceive him, as it would not be anything strange if min wid such names as Noonan and Abhaue would have a flock of children. But that's where Ralston got his joke in on Price. Now I want you to get Price out of his trouble. Price says that's the first speech he ever made—an' says he 'it will be the last one.' So, McKenna, you'll do the job for me an' him and have things explained.

"When you do, I will promise you that I will have an ould frind and mimber of the Club deliver us a talk at one of our meetings on the money question. His name is Barney Mulligan. He is a far-down north of Ireland linen peddler. So was his father and grandfather before him. They're the closest bargain makers in the world. He an' they traveled all over Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales with the pack; they beat the world on thrift. The Cyrene peddler, the peddler from Cairo or India, or the Hebrew from Palestine is as much in dread of one of thim as is a rat of a ferret. Whiniver one of these other peddlers mentioned finds one of the far down linen peddlers in a townland,

they quit the town immediately. Well, this Barney Mulligan that I am going to have talk to you on the money question knows all about the money, an' how to get it—an' how to keep it. They say that in his young days he'd dive in the ocean for a sovereign, an' he's got part of the first pound he ever earned. Well, sir, after his travels he finally wound up in Glasgow, Scotland, where he married a Scotch lassie; and as Barney O'Flynn says 'it was thrift joining thrift.' A far-down married to a Scotch lassie,' says ould Dougherty; 'an' the country is gone to the dogs.' (No, Mulligan is not left handed—he's one of us.)

"Well, sir, he started a bank in Glasgow, one of them banks that never fails—one with the three ball sign, where you would have to give up your right eye to get a loan of any sum over the dollar. He did all the business, until a Scotch syndicate had to buy him out to get rid of him. Then he landed in the Bowery, New York, where he began the same business—an' did all the business, when again a syndicate of the 'chosen people' bought him out. Signs on him, he has got the money. Now he spends his time clipping coupons and lookin' for cool spots on hot days, and warm spots on cold days.

"'Tis said of him that the ould father left an injunction upon him before his death, commanded Barney to keep the Mulligans away from the shovel, an' he's kept the injunction. You would have as hard a task to put the shovel

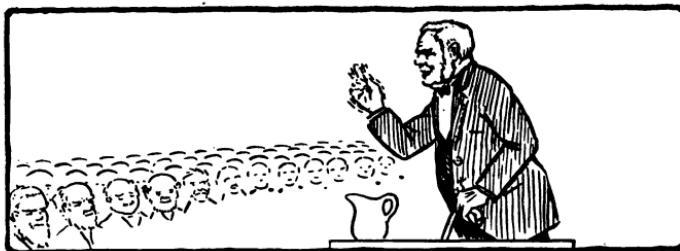
in the hands of a Mulligan as you would to put a breech cloth over the limbs of a Semolian Indian. Every one of the Mulligans has an M. D. or a B. A. before or after their name—but there are no shovels where the Mulligans are an' they have the house full of the Mulligans.

“When ould Mulligan brags—an’ that’s seldom—he says that if there are Scotch-Irish in Donegal, thin they’re Irish-Scotch in Glasgow—and plenty of them, and there it is for you.

“Ye know what is meant by the Scotch-Irish and the Irish-Scotch. It’s the same as the risin’ gineration here. For instance, the German-American; the Irish-American, etc. Their parents are what they are, but just because the youngsters were born in a different climate, they put the handle before the race. But that’s all in your eye. They all got the hyphen (I think I have one myself, for when anyone says anything against Ireland, it jumps here on my right side. Ye’re laughin’, but I tell ye they have them. Some slightly, but mention anything against the country they or their parents came from, an’ you will soon see the hyphen begin to move, and as Dinny McManus, the South Boston boy doctor of the 41st Precinct said, he’d like to have the job of operatin’ for the hyphen, for it’s as big in some of them as is the thrunk of a circus elephant.

“Now, McKenna, I will finish with this; I overheard a conversation between three

scrawny dudes last election day in one of the hotels down town; an' this was the drift of the conversation: One asked the other as to whether he voted. 'Well,' said he in his reply, 'whin I went to the polling place and looked at the ballot with all the foreign names on it, said he, 'whin they put them kind of cattle on the ticket I'll stop votin'.' I have been thinkin' it over ever since, but today in lookin' over the names of the draft list, my eyes were opened—I saw the light. I wish wherever those three scrawny dudes are today they will look that list over from anywhere in Cook County, includin' Oak Park, Evanston and Highland Park. If it were not for thim foreign names tell me where you'd get your min from. Thim boys, as they go off with their gun, will still retain them good ould names they have. An' the gineration after them will still have them. So I hope thim three scrawny dudes the next time they go to the pollin' place to vote will look for qualification instead of names.



BARNEY MULLIGAN THE FAR-DOWN LINEN PEDDLER ON THE MONEY QUESTION.

“Troth and indeed I would not be talkin’ here today if it were not for my ould friend, Nicholas Ryan, your statistician. Nick said he pledg-ed his word.

“Well, I always have said there are a few things a man should not carelessly part with—one of them is his word and the other his money; and the next is the friendship of the ould woman and the mother. An’ I’m tellin’ ye, they are the best frinds a man has on this earth, and that goes whether you’re in jail or out of it.

“Now, I am not much given to talk, for I believe as ould Dean Swift did, that there is no teacher but Time that will convince. An’ from lookin’ over some of ye, the Lord has given ye time enough to be convinced of everything concerning the things here below.

“There’s a lot of ye, that I see here before me, that are somewhat religiously inclined, but

from the way ye so aisly separate yourselves from yer money, ye'd think it was a plague sint to you instead of a blessing.

“Now, I always had this thought in mind, that if your Government would change the stamp they have on the dollar or the bill to read, ‘When ye’re carelessly partin’ with me, you are separatin yourselves from your best frind; it might have a tindincy to make ye stop and think before you let it go. But Barney O’Flynn says ye can’t take it with ye to the grave; but, ‘Barney,’ says I, ‘nayther can ye tell how long ye have to stop here.’ That kind of talk is all right if you were to be sure of dyin young. But that’s the rub!

“For whin you live a few years beyond the usual time, and ye’re without the money, ye’ll find ye’re always talkin’ to strangers.

“Yes, says Barney, answerin’, ‘but they say it is as hard for a rich man to go to heaven as it is for the camel to go through the eye of the needle.’ ‘That, Barney, is figuratively speakin’, says I, for it’s just as aisly for some min to be rich as it is for others to be broke, and we know min that are broke, and from the way they carried on and so carelessly separated thim-selves from their money, they surely should have no credit mark for it.

“That needle and camel story is good enough to tell at a wake.

“Now, I don’t see why Ryan was set on my talkin’ to ye on the money question, for there’s

many of ye that say that I am a tight wad. But I say ye're mistaken, for I believe that in wantin' for anything that will be to your good, when ye have the price, is as foolhardy as carelessly partin' with your dollar for the things that you are not in need of.

"Now, there's lots of fun about the money, as well as there is trouble. Ould Martin Devlin came to me one day to buy a lot. 'Well,' said I, 'Devlin, come in. Have you anyone with you?' said I. 'Well, sir,' says Devlin in his jokin' way, 'I have,' says he, 'two of the best friends I ever had, and I'm between them both. 'Devlin,' says I, 'you're dreamin' or your drunk.'

"'No,' says he, 'I am nayther.' And says he, 'Here they are.' Thrusting his right hand into the pouch of the trousers and pullin' up a roll of one thousand dollars, and thin down in the left pouch with the left, and comin' up with another roll of a thousand; 'there they are,' says he; 'the best frinds a man ever had,' an' I want the lot I was talkin' to ye about—and there 'tis til ye.

"Now, there's no isms in me and I know most of ye have lived as long as I have, and the divil a thing have we ever seen comin' that would be worth the takin' that was brought about by idle dreamy talk or blarney. Under such a plan of Government as ye have got, if ye managed it so there would be just plain justice for every one alike; divil a thing more could any honest man ask for. And all the soft talk ye hear from persons that have day dreams as to how a condition

could be brought about through resolutions or laws so that the people could get something of value for nothing, is but another one of them kind of stories that ye hear at a wake. An' if ye noticed the fellow that can picture one of them kind of tales, so's to make them look as though they might be cashed, you'll find that fellow is always broke. Them kind of fellows are gifted; they can regulate an' tell how to manage other persons' business, and as to how the government should be conducted; but they are so busy lookin' after other persons' business they can find no time to make a success of their own.

I don't know what kind of isms them kind of fellows belong to; but when we can look back over that long road of cinturies that the world has passed, and when they can't show a spot or place on the road where a tale like they advocate was ever cashed, I may well say that kind of talk is all good enough to entertain the young folks with, but us ould fellows pay little heed to it.

"Now, before I go anny further, let me tell ye a story Barney O'Flynn tells of what a man gets for nothing. There's a chap that Barney knows, that's very shiftless—never works while he can borrow a dollar. And how to invint a story to get the dollar without the work, he has his brains as racked as the president of a

bank, figuring on how to keep his depositors from overborrowing.

"One day this fellow met a man that he thought looked as aisy as a clergyman, and he begun to unfold his tale of woe to this man. The tale was, that he'd worked for a contractor at Hegewisch, and that he was coming to the city to get his week's pay. The contractor, said he, was just after being run down by an auto and taken home. 'Now, says he, I have no money to pay my way back to Hegewisch to my family.'

"'Well, well, well,' said this aisy lookin' gentleman, 'that's too bad. Come up,' says he, 'to the office with me, and repeat that story.' He walked him up seven flights of stairs to the office, then after repeatin' the story, the aisy lookin' man said to him again, 'That's too bad, too bad! But I wish you all the good luck in the world, and I'm sorry for you. An' my blessing go with ye; but my blessing is all that I can give ye.'

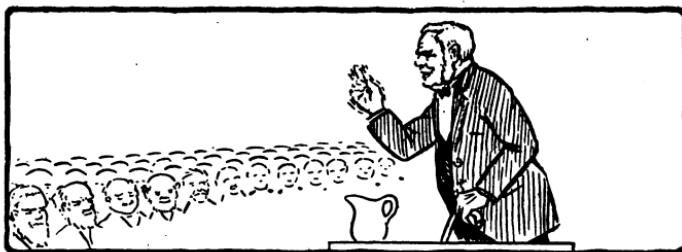
"'My God,' says Barney's shiftless frind. 'Why in the devil didn't ye give me that blessing below on the sidewalk?' And there 'tis til ye, and that's about what any one gets for nothin'.

"Now, thin, for another story of Barney's on the Friendship question. Barney got stuck on a horse trade. What vexed Barney, was, that there was standing by an ould acquaintance of his. Barney, in tellin' his troubles to Casey, the blacksmith, related the transaction, and, said he, 'what makes me sore is that ould Fitz

the tailor, a friend of mine, was standin' by, and never as much as give me the hint.' 'You say ould Fitz was a friend of yours?' says Casey, the blacksmith. 'Well, Barney, I suppose if I was standin' there at the time, you'd say that I was a frind of yours, too. Now, let me tell ye something, Barney. The Dutchman, your neighbor, sinds his horse to me to be shod. You and I are ould townies. Devil a think you'd do of sindin' your horse to my shop. Now, Barney,' says he, 'let me tell you something. Whiniver you say a man is a friend of yours, just ask yourself what did you ever do for him that makes you think he is a friend of yours—and there ye have it.'

"So ye can see ye get neither money, nor friendship without value received.

"Now, thin, to finish on the money question, and, as Nicholas Ryan says, it's a mean thing that you can't find a kind word for, if you don't care what you're sayin'. Now, ye might be that scrawny that even the dogs would not think it worth their while to bark at ye. But, if ye have the money, thim that wouldn't spit on ye while you are alive—ye can hire him to pluck roses and thrim the grass on your grave and say kind words of ye when you're gone. And if you were to be in as bad a predicament as they tell of ould Lazarus of ould, where none but the dogs would attind him, if ye have the money, ye can git the highest scientific attendance, with the compliments of the s'ason from every one. Ye can scowl at this, but there 'tis til ye."



RYAN INDUCES MULLIGAN TO CONTINUE HIS DISCOURSE ON THE MONEY QUESTION.

Ryan has induced Barney Mulligan to continue his money discourse before the Sun Worshippers' Club of McKinley Park.

"'Well,' said Mulligan, 'the next time Ryan pledges his word, I hope it will be for something better than to hear me talk to ye on the money question.'

"Now, money is all right, but if ye give it to a fool he will make thistles grow where roses only ought to bloom. This ould McKinley Park is a fine sample of what money well spent will do. Dougherty says he remembers it when it was a race track. Well, if it was, when I first see it, it was an ould eighty acre lot of a cabbage garden; and in the fall when the cabbage stumps were decaying, it was no geranium. Now look at it—it's like the story of the Garden of Allah. One of the blessin's of your plan of government for public ownership of places

of amusement for the young and ould. Things done for the people like this is what makes l'yal citizens and love for your plan of government.

"Ould Carnagy and Rockyfeller spent a lot of money in the way of education; some of it may be good and some of it may be not—only time will tell. I was thinkin' of this in my travels up through the Eastern and New England states. In lookin' over the farms there, I noticed a great change in the population. Once there lived on them farms as great an ould race of people as ever lived. They worked hard and managed well. It was their influence that helped to perfect this plan of government, and as good people ought to, they tried to provide for the future welfare of their children. Their descendants' influence is much needed to keep the sentimint for which this plan of government was intended.

But with all the money spent by ould Rockyfeller and Carnagy, and others, on the higher education, as they call it, they have educated all the young min and women away from the farms. The b'ys learned more how to manage and care for the farms than any other boys in the world, and are doin' less of it than any other boys in the world. And so it is true of the girls; they have learned more how to care for the children and manage them than any other girls in the world, and have less of them—and there you have it. The higher education

and one night on the Great White Way takes all your taste away from the farm.

“But, as Lena Schultz says, as she view the goin’s on in the cabarets on the Great White Way, ‘I may never get to where they are,’ said she; ‘but there’s a lot of them that I see will be back where I am on the farm.’

“Well, with the great size of your country, and the spread of the population and its development, what do we find? Every one headin’ for the big cities; there’s where the greatgrandsons and daughters of the descendants of the ould New England farms are to be found, some engaged as separators, promoters, and managers of the big financial institutions and stock markets. Very few of their names are above the doors of the smaller business; but sorry it is to say the greater number of them are in harness, both men and women in the offices of the big concerns, adding up figures, chasing the adding machine and tickling the type machine, with the time clock starin’ them in the face always. And the pay that they get and the high cost of rent, the smallness of the flat rooms and the flat restrictions, all go to help Ryan prove with his statistics that the race is on the decline. And in your travels around the city flat buildings, you will hear more of the songs of the canary, the squeak of the parrot and the bark of the poodle than you will of the sweet cry of the baby boys or girls, and there ‘tis till ye. And if that thing keeps up, an’ it’s goin’

fast, some of the races that first settled in this country and helped to make it, and are now most needed to help continue it, will be as scarce as is the American Buffalo or Indian; Ryan with his statistics proves this.

“They tell a story that things were going along on these lines once in Ireland—well, Daniel O’Connell did so many wonderful things, he was like our Teddy when he said things, he made them look up whether they liked it or not. I often thought Teddy and O’Connell was of the same mind on some things, for if you remember when Teddy was President, he didn’t overlook this important fact, and the man with the long family was always welcome where Teddy was; and especially one with a good ould Yankee name. Well, as I say, at the time, the Irish would not be surprised to learn of anything O’Connell might do. Signs on it, some laddie buck composed a ballad showin’ where O’Connell had invinted a machine that would make children by steam, an’ it began to be sung about the country places. Well, an ould Irish woman that heard it, became very vexed, an’ she added to the verses:

“ ‘I am an ould woman of three score and twenty;

Not a tooth in my head is there to be seen.’

“Well, ye Irish know the balance of it. Divil the further word was necessary; the population of Ireland so increased in the next ten years that they had to emigrate all over the world to

find room for them. Now, if some one could compose a ballad that would go with Teddy's advice, why couldn't the same thing be done here? We can't afford to let this race die out; and I might add some of the young risin' generation of the Irish here might begin rehearsin' that ould ballad, for they're slippin' fast.

"Education is all right. Ryan is as full of it as is a pumpkin full of seeds. But he is so busy after it that he lets the money get by him. Old Martin Killroy, a towney of Ryan's came to this country about the same time Ryan did. Ould Killroy started in peddling and buying potatoes and cow jobbin'. He can tell the weight of a cow and the amount of milk that she'll give a block away. He's got all kinds of money and flat buildings, and divil the further he ever went with his pen than to make his cross. An' he can do that as scientifically as Michael Angelo could paint a picture; but the cross is as far as he ever got in penmanship.

"Now, Ryan, with all his education, when he was buying a cow or storin' up his potatoes for the winter, had to go to ould Killroy for advice. There 'tis till ye, statistics against the bucksaw cross. Education is something that you learn that is worth while and that you can make a success of. Billy Sunday makes Religion pay —now that's education for him! Any vocation that you're at that you are doing well—that's your job. So be continted, for the kind of a person that is doin' well in any work, trade or business, and is always discontented with things

and talks of doing something else—he's always a failure.

"Now, I will say a word to ye on the Irish question—there is so much being said about it. Now, there are some deeds that have been done that you can't recall, and the same is true with words expressed. When Christ said, 'Ye that are not guilty cast the first stone.' These words have kept many a stone in its place on the stone pile. When Robert Emmet said, 'Let not my epitaph be written until my country takes her place among the nations of the earth,' there's the monkey wrench in the machinery that keeps the Irish question alive. The Irish people are not mechanically made, they don't all think alike, any more than any other intelligent race. But whatever way they do think, they ain't afraid to tell it. And it don't make any difference what way they view the religious question, whether they're with the Pope or against him; whenever they stand up to fight for any cause they think is right, whether in parliament or on the battle field, you don't have to put signs on them to let the passers by know what race of men they are—their actions speak louder than words or signs. But I'm tellin' ye, and I have traveled all over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—and most of the United States, that 65 per cent of the Irish men, women and children, not only in Ireland, but everywhere I find them have that sentiment of Emmett livin' inside of them. All yer talk and all yer resolutions and conventions in the world

wouldn't change that sentiment, or settle the Irish question until whatever time Emmett's epitaph will be written.

"It's not a religious question—it's not a Catholic question, for them sentiments of Emmett was spoken by a Protestant; and ye know how hard it would be to change the Catholic of Ireland on the religious views. Well, sir, all the Catholic priests in the world couldn't change that 65 per cent of the Irish from Emmett's sentiments; and there's twenty per cent more of them, if you vex them, are just of the same frame of mind.

"And my experience is of lay people that have idle time enough to waste on religious subjects, generally know as much about it as my ould friend Killroy does about penmanship. It's not hatred against the English people, but those of the Irish that have these sintiments in them would sooner live and die in want than forsake these sentiments of Emmett's; and the people of the Irish race all over the world that have these sentiments will never rebel against England, to become the dependents of any other nation, and England knows that well. But wherever a chance presents itself where there is a hope to write Emmett's epitaph—they'll be there. There's the question there for ye now, as good as if you read ten volumes of Ryan's statistics tryin' to explain it. There is but one way, and the Government knows it well, and it's a waste of time to try any other solution.

**LAMENTATIONS OF THE PESSIMIST MEMBERS OF
THE FIFTH WARD REPUBLICAN CLUB.**

We've heard preachers preaching,
We've heard teachers teaching,
Politicians we've heard screeching—
Tears seemed to drop with every word they said.
Of our ills they seem to worry,
And pretended in a hurry
To bring about conditions, as they said,

That would keep the rich and poor
From all future troubles sure;
But when the day would come
They never said.

To us that sounds like bunk,
So just hand us down a chunk
Of something while we're living, as 'tis said;
For when we're down below the clover
All our wants will then be over.
Give us something while we're living.
We'll be a long time dead.

—*John J. McKenna.*



THE EAGLE SOCIETY'S PICNIC HAS IT'S EFFECT ON MC'S ORATORS. HE TELLS HIS OWN STORY.

I am stalled. The Eagle Society of Brighton gave a picnic this week; they appointed a committee on entertainment, consisting of all the leading buffet owners of Brighton to do the job. Now, whether they did it intentionally or not, I don't know, but there will be no meeting of the Sun Worshipers' Club this week; and my Barneys, old Dougherty, Devlin, McManus, Pat Price, and all the others were taken away with the Eagles in their flight to some picnic ground, somewhere between the Willow Springs and the town of Lemont.

Whether the country air or something else disturbed their digestion, I don't know; but none of them has shown up since they left the Brighton on the auto truck for the Eagles' picnic.

Nicholas Ryan, the statistician, is the only total abstainer I have in the bunch. Ryan says he is not a prohibitionist, but he is so busy on statistics that he has no time for the drink—Ryan is here now—and he tells me that he saw them off; "they were all in high glee," said he, as they left. But when I looked at that enter-

tainment committee and saw the auto truck, with its commissary department, and the load that was on it, I pointed to it and said to the two Barneys, "I see your finish there."

"They're gone off in high glee," says Ryan, "but they'll come back holding up their conscience, and it will take the ould woman two weeks feeding them on beef tea and sedlitz powders to revive them." I am no prohibitionist, and don't care if a man takes a drink, if he knows how to take it. But there are many of them that whin they do take a drink, they take a camel's feed. Then they're sick from it and while they're sick, if they had a chance to vote on the question they'd stop the manufacture and sale of liquor and privint every other person that could enjoy a sup from having it. And them same buckos, just as soon as they recover from its effects, they would vote again for it and cry out for personal liberty. There is a lot of them that I know that are always sick for it or from it—so there you are," says Ryan.

The stories that I have been telling you are tales such as are told at wakes and are linked together where they fit in to make a short story to interest persons who have attended wakes, and who know how many wonderful tales are told concerning everything that has ever happened in any part of the world, either real or imaginary; and this is especially so of a good old-fashioned wake, where, as Ryan says, "a

little sup is supplied to keep the mourners and friends awake while they attind the wake."

Now, then, for a little political tale or two. Every one that is on to the political game knows that it is a business as well managed as is any other business, and it doesn't grow on bushes. Its plans are well thought out by men visible and invisible, who know how to do things and manage all kinds of business. For you know that in order for all kinds of business to succeed, the government part must first be safe, and don't think that this is ever overlooked. Political organizations, from top to bottom, from the Chairman of the National Committee or Managing Body, down to the precinct captain, is the highest efficient organization in the country. This goes for both the principal organizations of the country.

They have more close at hand information concerning everybody and everybody's business, customs, habits, likes, dislikes and prejudices than any organization in the country. That's their business. Police departments, detective agencies, or any other source of organization have not—nor can they get in so close a touch with the people as a political organization.

Talk about efficiency in organization; the old-fashioned precinct captain knew and watched 365 days of the year, every person in his precinct, knew with whom he banked; whether he needed money; knew where he borrowed; and

knew who held the mortgage; knew where he was employed and by whom, and how he could be reached if it became necessary. Not a point was overlooked. He knew every one in his precinct that was a natural born Democrat or Republican; he knew the one that did not need watching or time to be spent working on.

But here's the joke; and the point I want to explain: there is never a political meeting held or called for in any place under the call of the party organization but that everything of importance to be done is well in hand, and the most times the meetings are but matters of form. At all such meetings 85 per cent of those who attend are in perfect accord with orders as they come down from headquarters—(except)—and here is the great cause of fun—The fellow who reads the circular and never reads between the lines, be it for a regular meeting or a mass meeting, it is all the same; the meeting is to carry out some order in which they are all interested. It's mechanical to the 85 per cent, and they want to execute the order as quickly as possible in order to get back to their game of 66, penochle, or something else. But the friend of the people and old Mr. Enquiry come into the meeting. They think that the others are there, like themselves, to find fault and show their ability as parliamentarians, etc. Well, the first thing they observe—the meeting goes on without much attention to Roberts' Rules of Order; then come the questions from

Mr. Friend of the people and old Mr. Enquiry on points of order, questions of information; very high words concerning the Constitution of the Country; the rights of an American citizen, and the cry of "gag rule," "machines," etc.

This all comes from the fact that old Mr. Friend of the people and old Mr. Enquiry and their parliamentarian friends are not on to the political game; and it is as hard for them to get in right, as Ryan says it is to get the privilege of riding the goat at a Masonic lodge. But this dear old Friend of the People and old Mr. Enquiry never get on. In every community they go to—the same gag rule as they think prevails, and they never get it through their heads that it is a political organization where everything is prearranged and planned. Politicians are taking no chances; but the Friend of the People and old Mr. Enquiry never see the point, and they are always making enemies, and they don't know why—and they never will.

On the North Side, where John Dougherty's rules of order were substituted for Roberts' rules, at a meeting called for on a very hot night; a meeting ordered from headquarters to select delegates, the perspiration was just running down the foreheads of the people. "Quick job," said they all, "and let's get out."

Now this was one of them kind of meetings where 97 per cent of the audience were regulars; about 3 per cent strangers, together with the Friend of the People and old Mr. Enquiry.

Well, Roberts' Rules were discarded; John Dougherty's Rules were working and to the satisfaction of the organization. It was quick work, but to the surprise of everybody the Old Friend of the People, seconded by old Mr. Enquiry, commenced on his point of order and question of information. Well, the result was that a few of the friends of the people were bodily thrown through the back window, taking with them sash and blinds down into the alley. "There," said Dougherty, as he saw them going through the window, "your point is well directed."

"Don't stop them," said Tony Lynch; it's the first thing I've seen going down since the war began."

Here is another story of a meeting where a well known West Side politician presided. He was afraid of no one; a good emergency chairman; came from a sick bed to preside, to insure harmony. Delegates were to be selected. He had the reputation of discarding Roberts' Rules of Order and using Murphy's Rules of Order. As a gavel, he used a large beer mallet, and never wasted time on but the one side of a question. If he was in favor of it, he would put the question: "All in favor, say Aye," and down came the gavel fast and hard, at the same time saying, "The ayes seem to have it." And so, on subjects he did not favor, he always put the question, "All opposed to this motion say

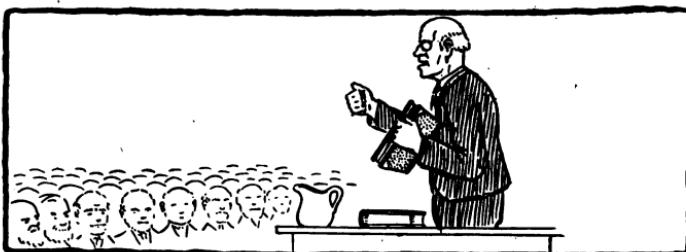
Aye.” And down came the gavel quick and hard with the same “the ayes seem to have it.”

Now, this ruling was just right for the regulars—there being no romance in a political meeting for them. Well, this meeting was about 97 per cent all one way, and it was a very hot night, a small hall, and 'twas no picnic to be in there any longer than necessary.

To the surprise of every one, a few of the Friends of the People in the back of the hall began on points of order and points of information, and “Mr. Chairman, I have a resolution to present.” This was annoying to the Chair and every one else, except the few. But old Mr. Enquiry kept continuously insisting upon presenting his resolution. Well, when all the important business was completed, the Chair said, “Will the gentleman with the resolution please step up to the platform with his resolution?” Then the Chair stepped forward and took the resolution. He said to the Friend of the People, “I left a sick bed to preside at this meeting. You just worried every one to death with your resolutions and points of information and points of order, so just take this—Hitting him on the head with the beer mallet—go now, sit down, and content yourself.” But he didn’t; the mallet had put him to sleep; he had to be carried out to the corner saloon and given a sup to revive him. But as he was going, Ryan said, “Murphys Rules of Order are still working.”

The moral of this whole thing is, that if you are not a party to and interested in either of

the political organizations, don't think that you just dropped into a chance public meeting, for you'll find that every thing has been well prearranged, and that abusing the Rules of Order and the management is not going to get you anything of value. For, as Ryan says, "it is better and safer for you to be home with the ould woman, enjoying a pint of beer, than it is to be arguing with Murphy on a 'pint' of order."



RYAN ON PRESS AND POLITICS.

“Well, McKenna,” said Ryan, “I am right for once. I told you whin I saw your orators off on that auto truck for the Eagles picnic, with that load of wet goods they had in the commissary department. Whin I saw that and the entertainment committee, said I to the two Barneys, ‘There’s your finish’—and so it was. If you had got them the night of the picnic, when the angel’s food—as the committee called it—was working in them, ye could have got speeches galore from them on any subject. But since the ‘angel’s food’ died out, divil a whimper ye can get from any of them. And until such time as they recover from the effect of the ‘angel’s food’ ye’ll not get their thoughts away from ice water long enough to think of anything worth the hearing. And, as Barney Mulligan says, ‘there ’tis til ye.’

“Well McKenna, ye can talk as ye may about political organization, but let me tell ye, if ye haven’t got the tide of public opinion comin’ your way, your greatest organization will avail ye nothing, for I have seen—and I have sta-

tistics to show, that as great a political organization as ever existed, whin workin' against public opinion, blew up over night.

"I have seen it when the tide of public opinion was favorable at some of the elections, whin we had to go to the police station to get the assistance of the police to keep them from over-crowding the hall; and I have seen it whin we were working against the tide of public opinion with the greatest organization that could be perfected, and with the funds to back it up. We might shoot off all the fireworks in town and have the bands playing, give them cabaret shows and free drinks, and yet the devil the one outside of a regular would come to the meeting.

"And, as Barney O'Flynn says, 'it's as hard to carry on a political organization without the aid of the press, as it is to run his old Ford with water in the carbureter. The press has become a wonderful institution. It is not that which is really transpiring that makes it wonderful, but it's the things that the press educates the people to believe, are going on. If the press says your doin' well, everybody says so and thinks so. But when the press doesn't mention your good deeds at all, but shows up only your mistakes—an, as Barney says, 'with the best of us, they're many—thin, says he, 'what's the use of your organization and the good work it's doin', for, like the man with his religion in his wife's name, the devil the wan outside of himself and the wife knows anything about it.'

And, as Barney says, 'to show you the wonderful power of the press of today, it works,' says he, 'like Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science plan,' and I say it's not what things are, but what your mind's educated up to believe they are. For, as Barney O'Flynn says, 'if you are sick and your mind is educated to believe you are well, how do you know that you are sick?' And now, here is an example for you:

"I met seven of the Sun Worshipers' Club going down the street one fine day. They all had up their umbrellas as they were passing me by. When I at last stopped two of them, said I to them, 'why all this umbrella business today?' 'Tis nayther too warm, nor is it rainin',' says I.

"'You are mistaken,' said the two, "'tis pouring down rain!'

"'You're crazy, man,' says I.

"'We are not,' says they; 'we both read it in the paper before we left the house.'

"'Well,' said I, 'put your hand from beneath your umbrella and feel for yourself.'

"'Begorra,' says one of them to the other, 'he is right—it's not raining a dhrop.'

"'Well, what do ye think of that? And we read it in the paper before leaving the house that it was pourin down, and that it would continue to do so all day. Well, well, do ye mind that.'

"But what was the good of all this? The other five went ahead with their umbrellas up.

and the devil a one could convince them, after what they read in the paper, but that it was raining, and that it would continue that way all day. And, ye see, there was the tide of public opinion, and that's just throue with the work of your organization; ye reach about two out of sivin, an' ye work overtime doin' it. Where, if ye had the co-operation of the press, ye might sleep in bed until 10 A. M. and git results. Without the press you're doin' overtime, and nine times out of tin, your work is all in vain. Ye may beat it once in a while, as there are exceptions to every rule. But with my statistics," said Ryan, "I can show you your finish—you and your organization, without the assistance of the press.

"Now, thin, for a story, and I will finish," says Ryan. And this is the story that is familiar to all politicians, and it has happened and will happen again in most any community.

Now, here it is:

"This man I am going to tell you of is Charlie Whiteside. He is developing a bee in his bonnet to become a member of the Legislature. So for the year he and the wife are seen at all the tay parties, church affairs, and social functions in the community. Well, the end of it all, he and the wife have whispered to all his friends of his intention, and have asked them for their support.

"But no matter how hard you labor, and all the things else you do, you are likely to have

opposition, and in this case it's no exception. Now, thin, for a public meeting to launch his candidacy. Well, this the practical politician in his immediate neighborhood agrees to manage for him. The night comes; bills are distributed, calling for the mass meeting. Now, everything is prearranged and planned—as they think. Now for a quick job, says the politician. The meeting is well attended—about 200 prisint. It is safe to say, with Charlie's wife's relations and frinds, 98 per cint of all prisint are personally invited frinds—the other 2 per cint being just a few strangers who read the dodgers announcing the meetin', and which read, 'all are invited.'

"But as few as they are, some of them are of an inquisitive turn of the mind, and there's always some laddybuck prisint from the opposite side in all political meetings, rubbering and waiting, wishing and looking for some bad news. Now, one of Charlie's friends, who is appointed for the purpose, arises and moves that Sam Snow be the temporary chairman of the meeting. The motion prevails. Sam calls the meeting to order and calls for a secretary; another prearranged person is selected as Secretary; without much ado for any of Roberts' Rules of Order; when suddenly, from somewhere in the back of the hall is heard the cry, 'Mr. Chairman.'

"Then says the Enquirer, 'Are you not conducting this meeting under a somewhat kind of

gag rule?' Now every one is excited; everybody is supposed to be Charlie's friend—and such a question to be asked!

"'Well,' said another one of the strangers, 'are there not other persons that might be candidates if they had an opportunity? What kind of a one man's meeting is this, anyhow?' Now the women folks are excited. Well, Charlie is hurriedly brought forth, and commences his address.

"During his remarks the laddybuck from the opposition jumps up and asks Charlie 'How about the Widow Brown's children?' Charlie is stung, but replies, 'well, what about them?'

"'Well, that's what we want to know,' says the laddybuck. This is more than Charlie's enthusiastic friends can stand. And, with a punch, down goes the laddybuck that made the inquiry. Out and down the front stairs he goes, with several of Charlie's friends punching and kicking him.

"Now, it's all excitement; the job is finished. The meeting adjourns, with everybody's mind on the Widow Brown's children; nobody seems to know them. The next day the papers report a disorderly meeting, where Charlie Whiteside was proposed as a candidate for the Legislature, and that questions were asked at the meeting concerning the Widow Brown's children, which caused a fight.

"Well, you see, the Widow Brown's children was the word that caught the tide of public

opinion, and the press report did the balance. Now, Charlie had 98 per cent of his personal friends at the meeting; but if he did, there were several thousand persons in his district who had never heard of Charlie. But now they all heard of the fight at the meeting, and of the Widow Bown's children. At the primary election Charlie is snowed under. And on this night everybody is inquiring about 'the Widow Brown's children'; they'll never be found, but Charlie is defeated. For the balance of his days Charlie will be kept busy explaining away the story of the Widow Brown and her children. He can never do this, for the reason there is no such widow or children in his district."

The moral: "The right word at the right time to get the tide of public opinion, then the aid of the press." This makes it aisy sailing for the organization and the politician. And without this, as Barney Mulligan says, "you had better stick to some other business."

LAMENTATIONS OF THE OLD FRIENDS' CLUB.

All the world is after money,
What's the use!

The way the Lord had made us
What's the use!

One poor stomach and one poor brain
To go against the money game,

So what's the use!

Think of money stacked mountains high,
And then to think how soon we die,
So what's the use!

Think with money what you could buy,
So what's the use!

Think of Solomon of old, if the story's true
And Brigham Young and what they had to do,
Then what's the use!

Man was made for pleasures few,
Laws have been made to stop them too,
So what's the use!

We think that we will quit the chase;
Let some other sucker set the pace
For in the end we all reach the same old place.
So what's the use!

—*John J. McKenna.*



PAT PRICE AND BARNEY O'FLYNN ON THE GOOD OLD DAYS IN POLITICS.

“Well, Price,” says Barney O’Flynn, “I am glad the park season is over. My old friend Nicholas Ryan is as full of statistics as a balloon is full of gas. If statistics were conclusive proof, then Ryan would shut off all arguments. For he is there with his documentary evidence, as he calls it, on every subject, but still he does not convince. We don’t all see through the same glass, and there is the rub.

“Now, for instance, for the one-half of them that vote the Democratic Ticket and the one-half of them that vote the Republican Ticket, all the statistics and all the speech-making in the world wouldn’t change their way of thinkin’ and votin’. It’s born in them and they’re proud of it and are contented. And to present argument or statistics to them, only makes them the more steadfast in what they are. Men may go wrong, say they, but our party never. They are the kind you call the black Republicans and Copperhead Democrats. Now, I told Ryan, if he wants to know when those fellows are going

to quit votin' their party ticket, he will have to go to the graveyard for his statistics. And there ye have it.

"Says Ryan, 'is this not ignorance?' No, says I. It's a gift just the same as singing is. And you with your pessimistic, two and two make four statistics, who is never satisfied, and who has never a certainty in anything, don't know anything of this gift. Says I to him, your old brain is on a swivel, like the weather cock, and you have no fixed opinon on anything. He lays awake nights wishing for the bad to come, that might change his mind tomorrow from what it is today.

"Well, sir, Price, there's not much life in the Primaries of today as compared with them of the past.

I am reminded of one of them old-fashioned Primary Elections whin there were no saloon restrictions. The Polls open from 1 P. M. to 7 P. M. and every minute was one of excitement. Those were the good old days. It was worth while having a vote in them days. From the time you left your home until you reached the Polling Place, every political worker you met shook your hand and invited you to have a smile with him. Well, sir, if you had a heart in you at all, by the time you reached the Polling Place your heart would be in the right place. Nowadays in goin' to vote, the divil the politician pays any heed to ye, and with all the saloons closed as tight as Barney Mulligan's purse,

everything looks more like a funeral than a Primary Election. And, whin you get to the Polls you have to declare aloud as you take the ballot publicly into your hands, the party you are goin' 'to affiliate with', as the Dutch Barber calls it. In the ould days you took your sup and the ticket from each Faction as you passed them by, and you had your own little ballot, that you were goin' to vote, tucked away in your vest pocket, ready to slip it in whin you got to the Polling Place. You kept them all guessing as to how you voted, but that's a thing of the past. Now, the politician knows you a block away. You are on the books, tabbed, either as a Democrat or a Republican, or whatever else ye are, and the divil the much time or friendship are they wastin' on ye. 'Politics has gone to the divil,' says Dwyer.

"Well, at this ould-fashioned Primary I am tellin' you about, everything went, as the ould sayin' is, 'When Greeks meet Greeks, then comes the tug of war.' At this Primary, war started at 1 P. M. and ended at 7 P. M. and then some. The Polling Place was located at 38th street and Archer avenue. The patrol wagon was kept on the go all the time; the voting area being Bloomington on the west, for the convenience of the Chicago & Alton railroad workmen; State street on the east, 47th street on the south and the black road on the north. More Republican votes were polled that day, in that one Primary Election district, than lived in the then

28th Ward altogether. Everybody got whipped that day, including the police force. To help the good cause along, about 200 of what they called Tom Carry's Indians paid us a visit from the Reservation over on 47th street. They not only voted, but whipped every one that they thought did not look just right to them. They came to help; their intentions were good, but, as they said, 'they were not mind readers', and hence many a right guy got a black eye, through being misjudged. The end of it all, one of the workers at the polls assaulted the sergeant of police. He was immediately arrested, but soon bailed out. It looked like a sure case of a heavy fine. McKenna remembered the fact that the primary worker had a cork leg. He advised the worker to leave the cork leg at home and come to court on crutches. McKenna went to his friend Judge Edw. Glennon, who was the judge at the Thirty-fifth Street Police Station, and told him the true story. Said McKenna to the judge, 'We are broke after the expense of the Primary Election and cannot stand for a fine, and I've come to ask you to help us.' Well Sir, Price, the judge did a good job. The judge looked solemn as the case was called. 'What's the charge in this case?' asked the judge. 'Assault,' answered the sergeant of police, as he pointed to his black eye as evidence. The judge again looked solemn. 'Did the prisoner strike you with his crutch?' 'No,' answered the officer, 'he struck me with his fist.' The judge:

'Do you mean to say that this cripple struck you with his fist?' Then the officer became frustrated. He knew the Primary worker as a spry, supple fellow, but never knew he was short of a leg. In surprise, the officer said, 'This man had two legs yesterday.' The judge smilingly asked the prisoner, 'Did you have two legs yesterday?' The prisoner modestly answered, 'No, your honor.' The judge then said, 'There is some mistake here, and I must discharge the prisoner,' and so the judge won the case.

"Anyhow, those were the days of real sport for the politician. There was as much enjoyment in one of the old-fashioned Primary Elections for the party workers as there is nowadays for the Comiskey fans in seeing the White Sox win the world's championship. This enthusiasm will always continue as long as you keep the party the ideal instead of the individual. For when the individual dies or goes wrong, then down comes your house, but your party never, and there you have it," says Dennis Dwyer.



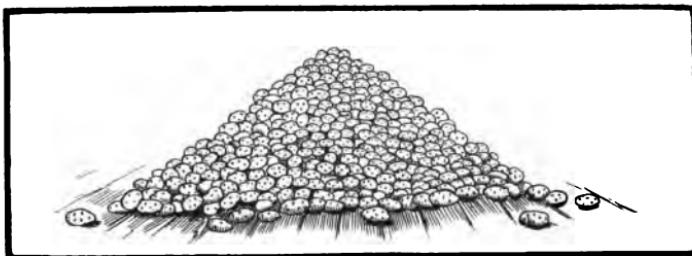
THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT.

Here's to the old ball field grounds,
Where shouts reached to the sky.
When every kid was happy,
And he knew the reason why.

Here's to the old slippery ice pond,
And hills both steep and long:
With skates, and sleds, and snowy beds,
To glide our sleds upon.

Here's to our old school picnic day,
When every kid was there.
Boys! if that was not heaven;
Then, you've got to show me where!

—JOHN J. MCKENNA.



RYAN, M'KENNA IN CONVERSATION.

“Begorra, McKenna,” says Ryan, “this October weather dampens the ardor of the sun worshipers, as the kids nicked us. Devlin says the devil would not be a match for the risin’ gineration of kids. Anyhow, the members have all returned and are recovered from the effect of the Eagles’ picnic. Mulligan says the members of the Eagle Society are great circulators of the money, and that no new bills are found where they are. The way they keep it circulating, they soon make it look like the palm of a coal shoveler’s hand.

Barney O’Flynn says they are all good sports anyway and doing good; and are as free with their deeds as they are with their money.

“Now, we have adjourned our meetings until next spring, and have said goodbye to ould Sol, our Sun God. O’Flynn says we remind him of a laddybuck that lived in his part of Ireland. It was at the time of the failure of the potato crop, and it was hard going for everybody, but like the ould saying, it’s a bad wind that don’t blow favorable to somebody. Well, in this case,

the laddybuck friend of O'Flynn saw a chance of getting potatoes if he would attend the church of the opposite side. 'Well,' said he, 'I'm in for some of them potatoes,' but on the road to get them he had to pass his own church. This kind of stung him, but as a consoler, when passing his church, he would look up, tip his cap, and say, Goodbye, God, I'll be back to you again when the potatoes are good,' and so, says O'Flynn, 'we now say goodbye to ould Sol, but we'll be back to him again in the spring, when the sun worshiping is good.'

"Now, then, McKenna, I will finish my talk to you on the political question," says Ryan, "and what I'm sayin' to you I've statistics to prove. One of them is the ould sayin', 'no man's bigger than his party organization.' For just as soon as he thinks so, I have statistics that prove that kind of a man is only fooling one man. You have seen the movie pictures of how the wild men trap the lion and the tiger—well, it's not a marker for the trap set by the politician to drop the man in that thinks and acts as though he were bigger than his party organization.

"The war price of paper is too expensive to waste writing the names of all of the men of the past that tried that game.

"Again, I have statistics to prove it don't make any difference whether you are a good shoveler in the Water Pipe Extension Department or a good judge on the bench, if you're

party organization doesn't succeed, your meal ticket is about punched out. For the great questions that come up for the consideration of the voters, as a general rule, and especially so in large cities, are so forcefully decided that the individual and his good work is overlooked. So my statistics show, while you may get by once in a while, if you don't keep in the friendship of the organization you will soon find you are doing a one-night stand business.

"For we are now living in a new age of system and organization. The individual is but a small factor today in the world, and with the quick communication concerning everything in the world, there's no more mystic in the individual. Familiarity, as O'Flynn says, breeds contempt. And from the looks of things ahead, and with the close information concerning every one in high places, as reported by the press news into every home, there will be fewer hero worshipers in the days to come than there were in the days gone by. There you have it.

"Again, I have statistics to show that in politics as in playing poker, you have got to have something besides wind and talk to come in on. And here is a story to illustrate it.

"Dennis Dwyer tells the story that new inventions bring new troubles. Says Dwyer: 'When I got home to supper last night, Mary Ann, my wife, nearly ate the head off me.' 'Come,' says she, 'Dennis, come, before you ate or before I scold you. Who is the lassy I am

told you were drinking beer with down at Tearney's hall? Explain! before I forget myself.' 'Don't be excited, Mary Ann,' said I. 'Don't you know of the new condition. The woman suffragette. That lady I was taking a social glass of beer with, was no less a person than the Lady President of the Personal Liberty League of my precinct.' She says, "Lady or no lady, Dennis, if you want peace in this house, don't you come home to me with as lame an excuse as that again. Devil take you and your lady personal liberty heresy," says she. 'Up to this now, Mary Ann,' says I, 'there was harmony between us. Listen, now, if I am to hold my job in the Water Pipe Extension Department, I will have to do some electioneering. You know I had to set up the drinks manys the time with the min voters, and was kept out late at nights, and now that the women have the vote, it will be just as hard a job to please the women.' 'Well, Dennis,' she says, 'if that's what's goin' on there's enough of my mother's people in the ward to form a club of my own, and I'll be in the game, too, and I'll show you more for my efforts than the Water Pipe Extension Department.' 'Oh, ye can't conquer them, we might as well give in,' said Dwyer. And this is just as true with politics, as Mary Ann said. That kind of talk don't go, and when you come into politics, with nothing but a lame story, you're not goin' to go far, and you're not goin' to so frighten people that they will lay awake nights

in dread of you. Wind, and talk without the money, cut about as much figure in politics as it would in Barney Mulligans bank, or before the Stock Exchange in Wall street, or the Board of Trade in Chicago. And there you have it, and here are the statistics to prove it," says Ryan.

"Now, in the small cities, towns or counties, when a man presents himself for any important office, ninety-nine per cent of the people know of him. If he has not the qualification and the goods, divil a one is payin' any attention to him, except the constable or sheriff.

"But in the big cities, with your expensive direct primary system, where ninety-nine per cent of the people who vote don't know one per cent of the candidates presented; and with all the nationalities on earth havin' a vote, names are what attract them more than qualifications. As O'Flynn says, 'it's manys a rogue that has a name that looks good, and it's manys the time that that name secures for the holder a high place on the party ticket. Whin, if the party organization had the doing of it that name would not be on the party ticket for constable.'

"Laws regulating political organization are a waste of money, and if the min that invented the scheme to do the regulating were to pay the expense of the experiment instead of the tax payers, there would be fewer of them, for statistics prove that politics is a business in itself, just like the banking business, the medical pro-

fession, or any other business or profession. And it will, and has always been, run and managed by the men in that line. Opposition at times of course will develop, and factions will come out of opposition, but these are one-night-stand affairs. The leaders of such will either come back into the fold or else drop out of the business. New leaders will come and go, but the rank and file, and the system, will be doin' business from the same ould headquarters. And, as Barney Mulligan says, 'There 'tis till ye.' "



A FEW STORIES BY MEMBERS OF THE SUN WORSHIPERS' CLUB ON OLD DAYS IN POLITICS.

"Well, well," says Ryan, the statistician, "we had a great season of it below at the old McKinley Park, with the members of the Sun Worshipers' Club, as the kids called us.

"And any one that followed our discourses and is not a full-fledged politician, it's safe to say of him he was never cut out for the job. We gave them pointers enough to be masters of the game."

"Yes," says Barney O'Flynn, "but there's not the fun in politics that there was twenty-five years ago. In those days we had as much fun at the political meetings as you would nowadays at the circus, and one of as funny a meeting as I ever attended was a Democratic meeting in the old Eighth Ward, where ould Michael Fitzgerald, the tailor, was the presiding officer. He was there with his usual full-dress suit, his high hat, and the shillaleh that he always had

with him; it was the size of a small cord wood stick.

“ ‘What’s your pleasure,’ says he, hitting the table a wallop that caused a shiver to come over us all.

“ Then up jumped a little classical man in the back of the room, calling ‘Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman.’ Again Fitz. struck down hard on the table with his shillaleh, and, said he, ‘I heard you the first time. What is it?’

“ I arise to place in nomination, as Democratic candidate of the Eighth Ward, our true, tried, and esteemed friend, Tim Ryan.’

“ Well, sir, the noise in favor was so great I thought they’d drive holes through the floor. When quiet was restored a little Italian that was within easy reach of Fitz. stood up. He was excited and for a few minutes could say nothing, but all the time trying, and making a noise like a steam peanut roasting machine. Finally he mentioned some Italian as a candidate for alderman. He was about to sit down, when Fitz. up with his shillaleh and hit him on the head a sound wallop, saying to the Italian, ‘You sit down, you said enough.’

“ Then said Fitz. quickly, ‘Are there any further nominations? If not, I declare the nominations closed ,and Tim Ryan is now the regular Democratic nominee for alderman of the Eighth Ward and the meeting do now stand adjourned.’

“ Well, sir, it was the liveliest adjourned meeting any man ever set eyes upon, but it was

fun if you were prepared to handle yourself."

"That's a good one, Flynn," said Pat Price, "but for real sport let me tell you of a primary election I attended over in the old Tenth Ward. This was in the old days. Well, sir, opposition put in its appearance unexpectedly and the captain gave orders to get busy. Says he, 'Vote early and often and for all the absentees.' Anyhow, Jerry Duffy, one of the Water Pipe Extension Gang, was there. He was always the first to vote at every primary election. Signs on him, he was always on the pay roll and was working where the pay was good and the shoveling easy.

"There was a precinct captain by the name of Charley Smith there, who stood below at the corner with the printed poll list, furnishing the names of the absentees to the boys who were to vote them.

"Anyhow, with every trip Jerry Duffy made to the polls to vote an absentee, he would take a drink of German rye to brace him for the occasion. He voted for about eight absentees, under the name of every nationality in the neighborhood. Finally, when he came to vote the ninth time, with the name of Herman Schultz, he was so full he had to hold up his head for fear that it would spill out, and all the while trying to look very dignified.

"'Herman Schultz,' said Duffy.

"This was more than little Officer McCarthy could stand. He had had his eye on Duffy all

the afternoon. 'Come, come, Duffy,' says he. 'Come away from there. You're a disgrace. You're on your ninth trip now, and you have voted under the name of every nationality in America. I'll jug you if you don't get out of here."

"'McCarthy,' says Duffy, 'I know who I am.'

"'You think you do,' answered Officer McCarthy, 'but that German rye you have been supping has you twisted. You are a disgrace, I'm telling ye. You get out of here, or I will have the patrol take you.'

"'I know who I am, McCarthy,' said Duffy, 'and it's not your business to interfere with the voters. Hegewisch for you tomorrow.'

"'You're not Schultz,' said Officer McCarthy. 'You are Jerry Duffy.'

"'I know who I am, McCarthy,' says Duffy.

"Just at this time Mrsfl Duffy was coming up the street, when McCarthy says, 'Here comes one now that will know you. Here,' says McCarthy to Mrs. Duffy, 'take this man away with you; he is disgracing himself.'

"Just then the judge cried aloud, 'What did you say the name was?'

"'Herman Schultz,' answered Duffy, 'are you deaf?'

"'Well, well, well, do you hear that?' said Mrs. Duffy, 'and I have lived with that man for twenty-nine years under the consumed name of Duffy! Well, well, well, and his name is Herman Schultz.'

“ ‘Woman, says Duffy, ‘I don’t know you.’

“ ‘My God,’ she wailed, ‘he’s gone mad entirely.’

“ ‘No,’ said Officer McCarthy, ‘he’s not mad; he’s drunk on German rye. Come out of here, Duffy, or I’ll jug you,’ says McCarthy.

“With one last dignified straightening up of his head, he voted again as Herman Schultz. Then proudly he walked away, holding up his head so as not to spill it, and as he did he kept saying, ‘Hegewisch for you in the morning, McCarthy, for interfering with the voters.’

“At a short distance from the polls the old woman got Duffy again. He then tried to be funny, and said to the wife, ‘Can’t you take a joke, I was just helping out some of the boys that are away on their vacation. That Officer McCarthy, I will have him in Hegewisch tomorrow, traveling beat among the grasshoppers.’

“In the meantime a fight started at the polling place. One of the boys struck one of the opposition. The opposition was down. Our fellow was on top of him. Any one by this time knew the opposition was beaten at the primary election. Officer McCarthy, with the thought of Hegewisch and the grasshopper on his mind, now became diplomatic. He rolled the man off from the assaulted man, then took the assaulted man to the station with him, charging him with starting a fight at the polling place. The precinct captain was on. McCarthy didn’t go to Hegewisch, and so we won the day,” said Price.

But those were the days of real sport in politics.

"Anyhow," says Barney O'Flynn, "the rising generation will never quit with their tricks until they're behind the bars. Barney Mulligan and myself arranged to go on a fishing trip out to Pickerel Point. We started about five thirty A. M. on the trip, not thinking it was Primary Election Day. Well, sir, the early bird politicians saw us as we drove by the polling place in our little Ford. And they learned where we were bound for, and thinking we would not return during the day, what the divil did they do, but in the dark of the morning they got two of the laddybucks that were hanging around the polling place to go and give the names of myself and Barney Mulligan and voted the both of us as Democrats, and this under the new expensive primary laws. We are now barred, they tell us, for two years to come from voting again in the primary unless we vote it Democratic. Now, what do you think of that for a trick? Sure, when we came back, late in the day, and tried to vote, we were told by the judges to go and chase ourselves and not to try anything like that on them or they'd have us jugged. Says they, 'Ye were here early and voted. Don't think,' said they, 'ye are back in the ould days.'

" 'Ould days or not,' says we, 'we see there's tricks in all trades, and we'll find out who did this trick, and when we do it's not complaining

we'll be to our friend Judge Scully, but we'll wait until the day before the next primary election, and then we'll trim the two Democrats that voted us so bad that they'll not be able to go to vote. Then we'll call it a pair off, like they do in Congress. They'll find they'll gain nothing by them kind of tricks with us. Anyhow, the divil couldn't make laws that would prevent the rising generations from twisting. And there ye have it."



A TOAST TO THE FLAG.

Here's to the American Flag,
The symbol of Freedom and Justice;
Whether lying in the mud
Or on a mound of flowers,
It stands for the same.

No act of man can lower or elevate it
It's symbolic of Freedom and Justice;
The meaning for which it stands
Can never change.

It's the ever-living reminder
Pointing to intolerance against Freedom and Justice.
It's hypocrisy and sacrilege to use it
Except in that for which it stands.



The O'Leary Home.

M'KENNA IN REMINISCENCE OF THE CHICAGO FIRE OF 1871.

This is the 46th anniversary of the big Chicago fire of October 9, 1871.

It seems that persons who lived in Chicago at that time, when they arrive at a certain age, they try to tell the story of the Chicago fire as it appeared to them on that night. So I am going to try and tell my story.

I don't know whether it was O'Leary's cow that kicked the lamp over, which set the barn

on fire, but I do know that the barn which stood on the rear of the lot where Mrs. O'Leary lived was the first place to take fire that night.

The O'Leary home was situated on the north side of Dekoven street, about six lots west of Clinton street, and on the night of the fire at about 9 P. M., myself and four young men from the same neighborhood where I lived, were taking a walk along Halsted street toward Dekoven street. James Sheridan, who resides at 919 West 38th street, is the only one of the four pals of that night who is still in the land of the living. Just as we got to Dekoven street we heard the old Court House bell ring out, and along came a fire engine. We followed the engine down Dekoven street until we came to where the fire was. It was the O'Leary barn and the top of it was going full blast with flames of fire. It was a small barn, at that.

It did not look like we were going to get our worth of fun and excitement for the hot chase we made to get to the fire. We thought it would be but a short job for the firemen to put it out, but the fire and sparks were rolling out. It was just getting to our liking when we got a call from some one on the south side of the street, just a little east from the O'Leary home, asking for help. We rushed over, and, as ordered, carried out a corpse that was laid out upon a stretcher. By this time the crowd had become very numerous, and we had a difficult job to make our way east on Dekoven street to Canal

street. We let down the corpse on the sidewalk, on the west side of Canal street, about 100 feet south of Dekoven street. This was thought a safe place, and the members of the family thanked us.



State and Madison Streets

Back we went to the fire. It now looked exciting enough, for within the half hour there were ten different fires. And here, let me say, the story of the cow and the lamp is as old as the fire, for within that hour the kids around Clinton and Dekoven streets were relating

about the cow kickin' 'over the lamp' and causing the fire.

That neighborhood was built almost of frame buildings. It was the old residence district, with small stores and dwellings from Dekoven street north to Adams, and from Jefferson street east to where the Chicago & Alton tracks are now. In those days from Dekoven street to Harrison street on the east side of Canal up to the Alton tracks, was a thickly settled resident district.

There had been no rain for thirty days previous to the fire. Everything was bone dry, and fire prevention conditions bad. There were old planing mills along this district, where shavings were piled up outside on the streets as high as small houses. Everything was in good condition for a fire.

The weather was exceptionally warm; the wind was coming southwest, and it seemed that as the fire grew bigger, the stronger the wind did blow. In thirty minutes after the fire was well started, there were in that territory one or two blocks apart at least fifteen fires.

The old Court House bell was ringing out wild. This was the means in those days to call the attention of the Fire Department to where the fires were located.

Within another half hour there were so many fires that everything was lost control of. The fire did not get any farther west than Jefferson street, but it did clean up the west side from

Dekoven street to Adams street and from about the east side of Jefferson street to the Chicago River on the east.

It now got over onto the east side of the river



Clark and Randolph Streets Looking East.

between Jackson and Adams streets. The bridges then crossing the river on the west side were at Polk, Van Buren, Adams, Madison,

Randolph and Lake streets. The east bank of the river from Harrison street to Polk street was occupied by stone yards.

On the east side of the river, between Adams and Monroe streets the old gas house stood, with very large gas tanks, and here, surrounding the old gas plant, was what was called the Connolly patch; all frame and bad fire preventive conditions. As the fire increased everybody was satisfied it would reach those tanks. The information going the rounds was that the gas was being allowed to escape. If this was so, of course it helped the fire along; but it would have been worse if it had been left to explode. Anyhow, as the fire spread, all gas connections were opened from the different burning buildings.

After the fire got across the river at Adams street it went down along Market street to South Water street. I saw the old Garden City Hotel burning, at Market and Madison streets, where the Examiner Building now stands. It was quite a picturesque old hotel, and it made a great fire display.

In the loop there were fires bursting out everywhere, in a hundred different places; and to show how quickly it spread, this was all going on within two hours after the fire had started away up on Dekoven street, at O'Leary's.

The four young men that I was with on that night saw a lot of the fire and just kept on a-going in the excitement. From the time we

left O'Leary's place at about 9:30 P. M., and walked down Canal street, we kept ahead of the fire. We crossed Van Buren street bridge, went



Clark and Randolph, Looking North From Court House.

down Market street to Madison street, then back on Franklin street to Adams street, then over to the Court House. We saw all the pris-

oners being released. When things got so hot at the Court House that everybody knew it was going to burn up, the prisoners were let free, excepting those that were held for serious offenses, and who had to be taken elsewhere. We saw the guards standing with revolvers in hand in front of the Chambers Jewelry Store, which was just opposite the jail at the southeast corner of Clark and Randolph streets; the jail then being in the basement of the old Court House. When the prisoners were released they probably had in mind the jewelry store, but for any kind of loot, it was not a good night, it being Sunday night. All things of value had been locked up in the safes and as for articles other than money or jewelry, looting was not worth while. From what we saw, persons so inclined could take away with them anything they wanted in the line of clothing or clothes and various other valuable things, but of what value would it be to them? All they could take away would be what they could carry and then they would have to go miles with it to a place of safety, so there was but very little looting going on.

The principal street in the city for dry goods and merchandise was Lake street, from Market street to State street; Randolph street was a good business street; old South Water street was in worse condition than it is today.

The substantial part of Chicago was within the district bounded by Market street, the lake,

Monroe street and South Water street. The Board of Trade Building stood where the Chamber of Commerce Building now stands.



Adams Street Bridge, After the Fire.

The old Court House stood in the square where the City Hall and County Buildings now stand.

There is very little comparison to be made between old Chicago and the loop as it is today

regarding valuable buildings. Of course there were a lot of substantial buildings of the old type within the loop district north of Monroe street.

All the other territory through which the fire extended, as far north as Lincoln Park, was what might be called the old homemade Chicago. Seventy-five per cent of the people who lived in Chicago in those days lived within that territory. South of Monroe street were two, three, and four story buildings, brick and frame adjoining each other; used as residences and stores, and the people lived where they kept their business.

The difference in Chicago then as compared with today is in the territory that was destroyed by fire. Today it would not contain ten per cent of the residences of Chicago, while in those days it contained seventy-five per cent of all the people who lived in Chicago.

What is now called Racine avenue is about as far west as there were any homes in those days. North avenue was the limit on the north and there were very few homes beyond that. Thirty-ninth street was the limit on the south; very few houses beyond that line.

The most pitiful sight to see was this seventy-five per cent of the people turned out without time to take away any of their belongings and with no place to go for shelter, as there was not room enough in the homes left to hold them.

On the north side of the city, Horace Gree-



North Side of City, Showing Destruction.

ley's advice was working. They were all going west as fast as they could to get away from the fire. Goose Island, that night, looked like Heaven to people, as it was a place of safety. The old Washington street tunnel was crowded with people going over to the West Side.

During the first few hours many fires broke out, but everybody was given a warning; a kind of a Paul Revere cry, was going over the city.

Taking everything into consideration, very few lives were reported lost, though conditions were bad. Whisky and beer were as free as water. I never saw so many drunks in all my life as I saw that night, and I have seen many big nights in Chicago.

We saw one man whom we all thought must have lost his life in the fire. This was on the west side of Franklin street, between Monroe and Madison streets. There were small stores here then. This man seemed to have forgotten something and returned for it. The crowd all called for him to come out and not go back, but he went back. We all stood anxious to see him return. He apparently left the store with what he went back for, but before he got to a place of safety, and as the crowd was yelling, "Come! Come, quick!" a gust of fire burst out between the buildings and he seemed to have been engulfed in the flame. We watched for a time, but did not see him again.

I was standing by and saw the Court House on fire; the Board of Trade Building; the Grand

Pacific Hotel, just being completed, and only roofed over. It seemed a shame to think it must go down. It stood so high, and from the reflections of the fire striking it, it looked like it was on fire a long time before it actually took fire. I saw the Sherman House on fire, the Palmer House, and McVicker's Theater; the Rock Island and Illinois Central Depots. Near the Illinois Central Depot on the north side of Randolph street east of Michigan avenue, about 3 A. M. Monday morning, was the hottest spot in town. This locality was well built up, and many hotels along the street fronted the depot. There were great hopes that the Rock Island Depot would escape it, but that old wind was going full blast, southwest. Once in a while there would be a lull; then a kick back which would set buildings on fire a block south of where the fire actually was. This happened in the neighborhood of the Rock Island Depot.

Where the Board of Trade Building now stands, was then the part of the city known as the "Red Light District." It covered a space—Van Buren street to Adams street, and from just west of Clark street to Wells street—about one-quarter of a mile square. Old frame, one, two, and three story buildings; looked like an old border town; wild west. Here was the worst part and the worst condition for fire prevention and everything else that was in and

around Chicago. It went up like a matchbox when the fire hit it.

One of the many sad sights to look upon in the days after the fire was that part within the loop district where all the savings of the people were. Those who were lucky enough to live in the territory where the fire did not reach had their money here, the same as those who were burned out. As they looked over that burning mass they must have had many a sad think, but "what's the use of borrowing trouble," as Barney O'Flynn says, and so it was in this instance; for in the end the bankers all made good and the depositors lost nothing.

All seemed to have lost their heads that night. They worked themselves and everybody else near to death helping to carry their goods to the street, thinking that something might come to their relief; but all this work was wasted time and labor and added to the fire. Just about the time they finished carrying out their goods along would come the fire and burn them up. And this kept up all night—working, helping, but all in vain. They might just as well have locked the door and let it go.

I walked from Van Buren street to Randolph street along the Lake Front about 4 A. M. Monday morning. Thousands of people were over there. The heat was intense and the excitement great. People began to fear that they would burn up. There were many people lying as close to the lake as they could get, and at that

time the lake came up to within one or two hundred feet of the east side of Michigan avenue.

The fire crossed over the river to the North Side late at night. We were over on the North Side as far as Chicago avenue, but the South Side was where the excitement was and we did not stay but a short time on the North Side. The excitement just kept us on the go all night. We came out of the loop district and crossed the Randolph street bridge Monday morning about 9 A. M. With all my work that night I had lost my coat and hat, and now, with others, I was returning home without a coat. I had a plug hat and an old banjo and was black enough from the smoke and soot of the night to go on for a minstrel turn. Right here something funny took place. Some one had knocked a head out of a barrel of whisky. There were several barrels on the walk at the southwest corner of the bridge, but there was no water to be had as a chaser. They were informed at this time that the Water Works had burned down, and soon the police came along and chased that crowd away from the whisky barrels.

That old fire was so quick and picturesque, people acted as though they were mesmerized from looking at it; a lot of people never got on to the serious part of it until it was all over. Now, from 9 P. M. Sunday until 9:30 A. M. Monday morning every hope was gone. We met several people then coming down town as

we were going home. I remember we said, "The show is all over, everything is gone."

What a sight it was to look up toward the sky that night! It looked like a moving sea of fire; millions of sparkling lighted coals were moving along swiftly above Chicago; hundreds of burning boards, old mattresses, old paper roofs; all soaring on high and all afire. It made the night so bright you could pick up a pin on the street. Everybody we met late that morning looked as though they were in a trance. What a crowd they were, and just running from one place to another! In the center of the loop that night, as we looked up, it seemed that the world was on fire.

Soon after the city authorities recovered from the shock, and as the kindness of the whole world showered in upon all the people, small homes were erected for the very poor, that are always with us. The fine weather that we had to a way late in the fall, helped the people to carry their troubles.

Taking everything into consideration, with the great losses, you can see from the pictures taken after the fire and here presented, that it left the district on which Chicago was built about as bare as was the original prairie. In six months after the fire everybody seemed to be happy and prosperous. Every one that had property could borrow money, and did, and started in to rebuild Chicago at a speed near as rapid as it was burned down. All worked over-

time and seemed to have money, even if they had to borrow it.

From what the people learned from their fire experience and the new building restrictions, Chicago began to look like what Chicago was intended to be. Every one was talking as though it were a blessing that the fire had come, and, as Barney O'Flynn says, "There are many things worse that might have happened to us." And this was one of the great consolations in those days. When neighbors met and talked over their losses, one found his loss so small compared with his neighbor that it helped him to forget his trouble. And there ye have it.

ONE OF THE SUN WORSHIPERS GONE TO MEET HIS REWARD.

“Well, sir, McKenna,” says Morris O’Brien, “last week was a sad evint; we lost another ould member of the Sun Worshipers’ Club and he was an active member of the Executive Committee of the Thirty-first Precinct Republican Club, one Mike McGee.

“We gave him a funeral and a wake that any man, dead or alive, should be proud of. And, as ould Devlin said: ‘While Mike was alive he many’s the time had the divil’s job to have the street car stop long enough to let him get aboard, but signs on it, when Mike died he got even with the street car company and the motor-men. For while his funeral was wending its way from 39th street across the entire West Side of the city on its way to Cavalry, he blocked every street car line he passed for fully three-quarters of an hour.’

“‘Too bad,’ said Devlin, ‘that Mike don’t see this sight, for I know he’d enjoy it.’

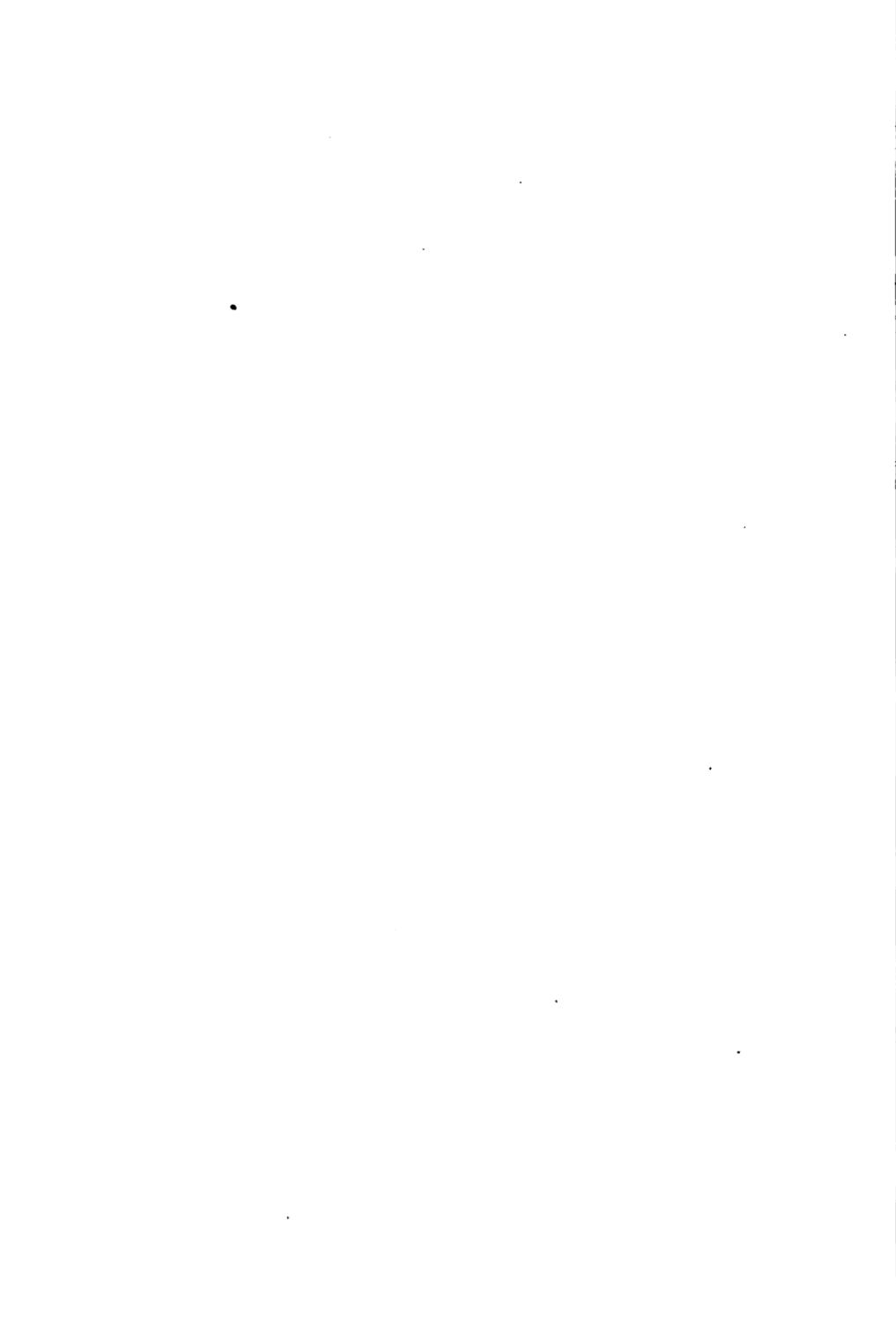
“Anyhow, as ould Devlin was takin’ the last look at Mike, said he to the ould woman: ‘Did you put ever a dollar in his pocket?’ ‘No,’ says she, ‘I don’t think I did.’

“‘Well,’ says Devlin, ‘I am going to put a dollar in Mike’s pocket now, for I never see him alive without it and I’m not goin’ to have it said that any one met Mike dead without it.’

“‘Well,’ said an ould woman who was pres-

ent, 'is it not a foolish thing to be puttin' money in a dead man's clothes?'

" 'Never mind,' says Devlin, 'money is a handy thing to have dead or alive, in jail or out of it, and it may be consoling to Mike to know that on the day of resurrection, when he arises again and maybe among strangers, that he still has the price.' And there it's for ye."





Old Lake Michigan.

CHICAGO AS IT LOOKED IN OTHER DAYS.

Chicago, with its many parks, swimming pools and playgrounds for the accommodation of the youth of today, brings up the question, where did the young folks of old Chicago find places of amusement?

In telling this story I will only describe it as I remember it, dating from the year 1862 to the year 1870. Chicago in those days, what there was of it, was compact. The people that lived on the North Side lived between Halsted street, Lake Michigan, Kinzie street and Division street. North avenue was the extreme limit on the north, and very few homes extended up that far.

We had old Lake Michigan as our swimming pool from North avenue on the north to what

is now called Grand avenue on the south. They talk now about the Sand Dunes of Indiana, but these never could be compared with what the banks of old Lake Michigan looked like in those days, and there were no censors or regulators on the beaches.

It looked as wild then as it does now along the Dunes of Indiana. The lake was not dredged out and the boys could wade out as far as what we called the third sand bar, without going over their heads, and this distance was at least one-half mile out from the shore. Thousands were there every day in the summer, and say, all our beautiful swimming pools and censored bathing beaches of today looked, as the kids say, like a deuce spot when compared. There were no life guards needed, and we never heard tell of the under tow. Nature took its time in making this old swimming pond, and the water then was as clear and blue as it is now two miles out from the shore, and any kind of stockings went in those days.

For a skating park, that old lake before it was deepened by dredging, froze over in the winter time and for one mile out from the shore it was as smooth as glass. For a skating park there is nothing like it today. Now, this was on the east side of North Chicago, while on the west we had the original river running around the west side of what is now called Goose Island. It extended north, up through Clybourn Woods,

This is Photo of the Chicago Court House. It Stood on Ground Where the Present City Hall and County Building Now Stands. Taken Spring of 1865 on Day President Lincoln's Body Was Lying in State.



beyond North avenue. Its waters came in from the territory of the northwest, and was clear as spring water. It was an ideal old-fashioned country creek, and swimming and boating was always good during vacation time and sometimes when it was not vacation time. I have tried the fancy made park swimming pool and the good old creek water, and I say, give me the old creek as the old north branch was in those days for good fun. In the winter navigation was closed, and the north branch river to North avenue was one long skating pond and always crowded with boys and girls. Every one of them was his or her own boss, no regulators on the job—real fun and freedom going together. This was God's skating park, and there were no Commissioners' rules to regulate things.

So much about the North Side, and now about the South Side. Twenty-sixth street was the extreme limit on the South Side wherein any great number of people lived. Here we had the same old Lake Michigan, with the same conditions as existed on the North Side for swimming in the summer time and skating in the winter. To the west, we had the old South Branch River, coming down from the Desplaines River together with the waters coming through the old Illinois and Michigan Canal from the Illinois River. The waters in those days flowed in toward the lake and were clean and clear as crystal. The old south branch of



Halsted Street Lift-Bridge.

the Chicago River was the swimming place used by the boys of the South and West Sides of the city, and in the winter it was used for skating. In those days navigation closed in November, so that when the rivers got frozen over they remained that way until spring, and any day there could be seen thousands of skaters along the old South Branch River from Madison street out southwest to the old Mud Lake at Ashland avenue.

The scenery along the river was beautiful. The O'Neill Woods, a forty-acre tract of heavy timber land, fronted the north bank of the Chicago River, west from Halsted street. Piper's Woods was along the north bank east from Ashland avenue, and this was about a sixty-acre tract of heavy timber land. All along the Mud Lake from Ashland avenue, west to Kedzie avenue, was equally as rich in scenery, with splendid farms, orchards, and homes built along its banks. So that in the good old early days of Chicago we had our parks and skating pools as God made them, while all the money spent today in producing them makes but poor imitations.

For fishing and hunting the boys did not have to go far out from the city. In the old Clybourn Woods, O'Neill's Woods and the Piper's Woods, in the fall of the year, the wild pigeon came in so thick and fast you could shoot hundreds of them in an hour. You don't see any of these nowadays while hunting, but in those days they were so plentiful in the fall of the



Home of the White Sox.



The "Two Finger Times".

year you could knock them with sticks in those woods. And on the prairie, where the City Bridewell now stands, could be seen any day in the fall thousands of wild ducks and geese in the marshes there. And along the banks of the old river, on the North Side, north of North avenue, and on the South Side, west of Ashland avenue, known as Mud Lake, and up the south-



Chicago River Scene.

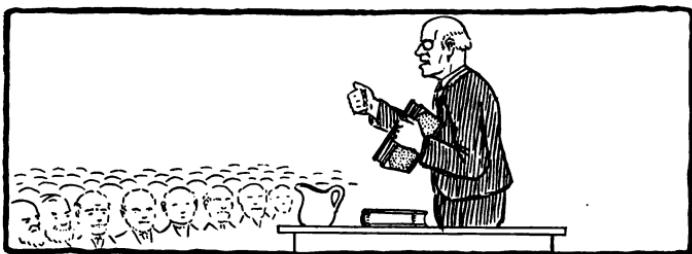
west branch of the river that is now called Bubbly Creek, the banks of these rivers were lined with hazel brush, crab apple trees, and wild strawberries.

In looking this over today, a person would think this a fairy story, but nevertheless it is true. Many the melon patch and orchard was tapped in those days by the boys without the

permission of the owners. If it were possible to bring back a true picture of the old lake front from North avenue to Twenty-sixth street, and the original Chicago River from Ashland avenue on the North Side to Kedzie avenue on the Southwest Side, what a battle the people would put up to retain it! But in the march of enterprise, Chicago as nature made her was fast disappearing as far back as 1870, but don't ever think that the boys of the early days of Chicago did not find as many places to amuse themselves in out-of-door sports as you can point to today. And there you have it.



Ryan's Inspiration



NICHOLAS RYAN IN A PATRIOTIC MOOD.

“McKenna,” said Nicholas Ryan, the statistician of the Sun Worshipers’ Club, “I just want to say a few words to you on our plan of government, then I will take the advice of old Fitz. the Tailor, when he hit the Italian on the head with his shillaleh, ‘Sit down, you,’ said Fitz., ‘you said enough.’

“This is the proper time to say it. It’s our plan of government, and that’s all that makes America the best land on earth to live in, and we ought to appreciate it more than we do.

“When the founders of this government saw fit to withdraw from England, it was the plan of government they had in mind. They knew well the withdrawal from the Mother Country would not change the severe climate of New England, nor would it make plowing and tilling of stony hills any the easier, but it would give contentment to their hearts and minds if they could perfect a plan of government that would give to them the right to elect the men that would make the laws under which they

would have to live. The right to worship their God as they saw fit, the equality of man before the law, and the protection of their property rights, that's what our plan of government has accomplished, and we have enjoyed its privileges for the past one hundred and forty-one years, and it's the best plan of government that ever was handed down to mankind; and there it's for you.

"The men that signed that Declaration of Independence and adopted the Star-Spangled Banner as the emblem to represent their plan of government, they knew full well if they failed in their undertaking it meant the sacrifice of their lives and property.

"Now, in this, our day, in this land of America, when men so forget themselves as to raise any other sign or emblem in a political way but that adopted flag, they should be shown that that which they are doing is not freedom but an insult to the memory of those men that gave to us our plan of government.

"There are some of them that speak so foolishly that they try to convince you that all you would have to do is to get the majority of our Congress and a President to your way of thinking, and that you could change the flag and the plan of government. That's all in your eye; that's theory, Mac. The devil the change will any person or ism do to that flag or our plan of government by any chance voting or upheaval until every one that loves that old flag and our

plan of government is down and their tongues sticking out a yard.

“And as Barney O’Flynn says, ‘May the last thing that the Angel Gabriel goes lookin’ for on the day of the destruction of the world be our old flag and our plan of government,’ and I say ‘Amen’ to Barney’s wish.

“And as sure as I am tellin’ you, any one that advocates that kind of doings or isms, that’s not freedom; that’s insult to the memory of them that have won a place in our hearts that will never die.

“Our old flag; when the seamen of old saw it wave to the breeze they said: ‘That’s the emblem of the plan of government of the young republic beyond the sea and for the great masses of the people’—I have statistics to show it was looked upon as one of the then wonders of the world. It was the hope that was burning in the hearts of all the lovers of freedom in every land. And its invisible sign seemed to beckon to them all and say, ‘Ye that love freedom, come unto me and your expectation will be more than satisfied,’ and so for a hundred and forty-one years that old flag has so beckoned to all the oppressed of the world, and they that have come have had their greatest hopes realized. And this old plan of government of ours has brought more contentment and more happiness into the world than any other one thing that has been originated by mankind.

“Freedom has been so free under our plan of government that to some it has lost its sacred-

ness; but, like all our best friends, we only appreciate their true worth when they have gone from us. May this never be so with our plan of government or the flag that represents it.

"The men that gave to us our plan of government started with very little of this world's goods, and from the bleak cold shores of the states along the New England coast worked their way across the continent, and today we have over one hundred millions of people that are more prosperous and have more freedom than any people living anywhere on this earth.

"And those that represent us in every department of our plan of government, we put them there, with our own free will, by our ballot, and, if we don't approve of their way of doing, then we have the same privilege with our own free will, through our ballot, to replace them with others. And in this sacred right we are their peers. The rich and poor alike enjoy the same privilege, the one vote, man for man; and still we are kicking. And there you have it.

"A new generation could live and arrive at the same junction of freedom and prosperity as we have today if all we now possess were to be destroyed if only they were left to continue to live under our plan of government. But there's the rub; them that would have the power to destroy our property would know that that would be but a secondary consideration. The next thing they would do would be to destroy our plan of government. That's the thing that

would do the job. For in destroying this they would kill contentment and pride and the equality of man before the law and the right to worship God as you see fit. And with such a people as we are, raised in the atmosphere of freedom, this would dim our hopes, and hope is our very existence.

“That was why, in that great mind of Francis Scott Key, when he gave vent to the thought in that patriotic song, ‘The Star-Spangled Banner’:

“ ‘The rockets’ red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that star-spangled banner still wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave?’

“The great fear was not the loss of the flag, but the plan of government which that flag represented. It would be very easy to replace a flag, but on that solemn occasion if that flag went down so went down with it our plan of government, and that is why today we want to see that old flag on high, for the men that would cause that to fall would destroy the plan of government that it represents. And there you have it.

“If there is any wrong existing under our plan of government, who brought it about, and who is to blame for its continuance? We, the

people, are. For with our own free will, under our plan of government, a majority of the free citizens must give their consent, through the ballot, the privilege to their representatives to create the laws under which we live. Where on earth is there any other such a plan of government given to a people?

“There will never come a time while this old world bobs around where any plan of government will meet with the approval of everybody. We don’t all see through the same glasses. What to some looks to be the only way, to others that same viewpoint, the more arguments and statistics you present in its favor the farther they would be away from it. And so it will be until Gabriel blows his horn. And there it’s for you.

“There is not a man in America today, no matter what country gave him birth, whether he be a scholar or a poor laborer, if he just reflects in this our hour of anxiety, give way to his mind and heart, and let come back to him the thought that first entered his mind and heart the day that his eyes first met the star-spangled banner, the emblem of Free America, then that person will find the answer comes bounding back to him, ‘I am with America against the world’.

“And with all of us, we have the hyphen that is born in us and seemingly over which we have no control. You may laugh at this, but it is true. Its both of a foreign and domestic made

type. For instance, where is there an Indianan that has not a friendly hyphen working in him for a fellow Indianan? And where is the man from Dixie Land that has not a hyphen in him for one from Dixie? And the eastern and New England hyphen is as active as any of them for their fellow townsmen. And so it is with the foreign hyphen. A blind man could see the hyphen working in them all the day the White Sox won the championship.

“Well, with us all, we occasionally find fault with things in our own homes and say things that we would not like outsiders to say, and to-day we find many a stone being cast that it would be better for us all if they were let remain, on the stone pile. But, with all that every one knows our plan of government has been that free, like a good mothers love, its greatest loss and appreciation would come if we were to lose it. So this is the time for our every act and deed to be in keeping with the sentiment represented by our flag. That’s the kind of a hyphen we all want now, and keep it working overtime. And as Barney Mulligan says, ‘There ‘tis till ye.’ ”

MIND PICTURES.

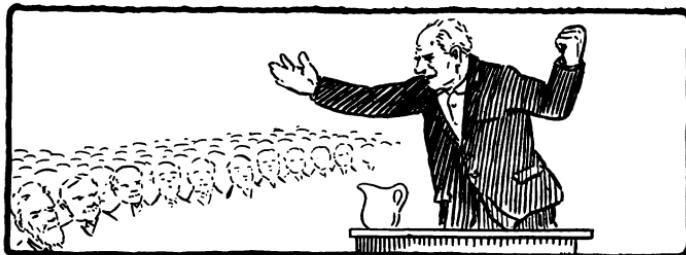
Where Power and Oppression
 Ride side by side,
Laws have gone and Love has died,
 Discontent and disunion
 On every hand,
Hope is dead in such a land.

Dependents are the seed
 That powers sow
Then create conditions to make them grow.
 Where dependents flourish
 There is no pride
Lackeys seen on every side,
Independence too weak to raise its head
 With Liberty gone and Justice dead.

When Wealth and Power ride side by side
 When Wealth has gone
 Power has died.
 Where Power brings Justice
 That's a happy land!
Contented people on every side
 With love of Country
 Their joy and pride.

In a land like ours—if we only knew
 Its Constitution through and through
 Then did our duty as we ought to do
As Freedom's sons we'd always see
Independence strong and Justice free.
 Conditions that would make dependents grow
In this free land would have no show.

—*John J. McKenna.*



ANTHONY DEVLIN ON "THE OLD DAYS OF POLITICS."

"Begorra, McKenna," says old Anthony Devlin, "I was glad to read in the last week's issue of PUBLIC SAFETY, that your statistician, Nicholas Ryan, gave out his announcement that he was going to take timely advice and stop his talking, for surely he has said enough. He, with his statistics, the Daily News Almanac and the Bible, has kept the Sun Worshipers' Club on edge all summer below at the park. Anyhow in my rummaging among some ould papers at home, I run across this ballot; I now show it to you. It's a ballot that was cast in one of the old-fashioned primary elections, at the time when the late Geo. B. Swift was Mayor of Chicago. It's a reminder of a battle royal that took place between the Swift machine, with Perry H. Hull as the Swift campaign manager, against the Lorimer-Hertz organization; it was war from the time the polls opened at 1 P. M. until they closed at 7 P. M. Now this was in the good old days before civil service was in

working order. The Mayor in those days was a power, everything in town was wide open, the word reform was not invented, and this Mayor was an apt scholar in the game of politics. But so were Lorimer and Hertz; everything of influence and every meal ticket holder was ordered to be on duty. The order from headquarters was: 'You deliver the goods or report at headquarters tonight and return your meal ticket, with all the privilege that it commands.' That meant something, there were no slackers, they all knew what the order meant, 'and that goes', said the order from the Chief of Police, clear through to the last man holding a privilege under the city administration. Perry H. Hull was no small leader, both sides were expert in the game and there was no limit to their bank roll; hence strategy as well as physical force had to be used in order to win. If you beat the other fellow in that day, you had to have the goods, and if you cheated, you had to be able to lick the other fellow in order to get away with it. The power of the city authorities, with what they had at command in that day, would be no job for a sick man to go up against, but the 'Lorimer-Hertz organization', with its following won the day. And here is the ticket that won the day, in one of the primary districts.

There were seen fellows riding around in carriages that day that you could tell were never in a carriage before, except when they were attending a funeral. At this polling place about

ten minutes to 1 P. M. there drove up, six carriages loaded with old-time gamblers from the First Ward. Some one said to them: 'Ain't you lost?' 'No', said a lot of them, 'we came out to show you fellows something.' Then they began bossing around, and telling the judges of election where to get off at. Some one said: 'You fellows are taking your lives in your hands in coming out here; do you know where you are?' Then they became very bossy. 'Well,' said one that knew them, 'You got advice, but if you don't take it now, we won't be able to save you in a few minutes!' Just at the tap of 1 P. M. about two hundred healthy looking alternates and their followers, led by John Cusick, business manager of the Brickmakers' Union, came on the scene. 'What's all this about?' said he, looking at the carriages. Some one said something; then every window in the carriages, with their loads, received a shower of whole and half bricks. Oh! what a sight. The imported First Ward fighters began to try and explain and say they made a mistake in the neighborhood, but it was too late. This was 'Alternates' Day', and they won in a walk. All the money in Chicago couldn't induce that old First Ward bunch to come back to Archer Road. The old hack drivers were glad to get the privilege of taking away with them what was left of the old carriages.

The alternates were well organized and had been holding meetings every night for two weeks checking up the poll list. Our pledge

was: 'One for all, and all for one; no scratching of the ticket to be done; we will win or lose together.' This alternate business may look to be a joke, but there were eighty substantial old citizens and property holders; ninety per cent of them had lived in the country from twenty to fifty years and never were honored before in a political way as a candidate for any office, and the word 'Alternate' looked just as good to them as the word "Delegate".

The ticket here presented was voted upon this day; it is number twenty, or the twentieth ballot that was cast on that day. It was about twenty years ago, and, strange to say, in looking over the list of names printed on the ticket, fifty-five of them have passed into the world beyond:"

REGULAR REPUBLICAN DELEGATE
TICKET
Twenty-eighth Ward

FOURTH PRIMARY DISTRICT
Precincts—4th, 5th and 8th.
Polling Place 2037 Thirty-eighth Street—Polls
Open Wednesday, October 2nd, from 1
to 7 P. M.

Delegate
JOHN J. MCKENNA.

Alternates

Thos. Rankin, M. K. Deal,
Edward Brandt, John McKay,

John Shellbamer,
John Cusick,
David Burnham,
Joseph Boufford,
Joseph Emond,
J. F. Rhodes,
John L. Baker,
Michael Donley,
James Shatkey,
Octave Boufford,
Joseph Butler,
Charles Armstrong,
Isadore Leabeau,
Chester Buffington,
Ed. Francis,
Frank Irwin,
T. Moran,
Joseph Cunningham,
John R. Lauery,
John Fox,
John McGrath,
R. Travis,
James Burnhill,
George Irwin,
A. Lynch,
James Leggate,
D. F. O'Neill,
Richard Shaw,
William Lenze,
Frank O'Neill,
Ed. Stone,
Daniel H. Crane,
Henry Volk,
J. R. Wiggins,
David A. Baker,
Alfred Boufford,
Robert Brandt,
William Boxley,
James Lynch,
Jacobs Frank,
Thos. Younghusband,
William Daniels,
John Pauliott,
William Goodfriend,
William Boxley,
Louis Williams,
Chas. Conrodice,
Frank Kupsheiver;
James MacLaughlin,
D. E. Mullen,
M. Beichold,
Ed. Neary,
Jos. Caulombe,
Gustave Endler,
John Dooner,
Joseph Couerville,
John Noonan,
Wm. J. McKenna,
Michael Foley,
Henry Doerr,
William Burns,
Christ Heise,
William Wibberley,
Robert McKay,

P. Cassidy,	Frank McGuire,
William McKenna,	S. Englender,
P. Hilb,	D. Saporia,
Charles Snider,	C. Chadow,
R. S. Hellyer,	Lewis Mattson.
A. T. Irwin,	W. A. Chadow,

But that day their enthusiasm was so great, and they worked so hard, they brought to the polls and voted more persons as Republicans, in those three precincts mentioned than there lived in the entire Twenty-eighth Ward. As they received their blue tickets for the gallery of the convention to be held on the following day, Napoleon's old guard was never as happy after victory as were those alternates after their victory.

"Their battle cry was: 'Did we win? Well, well, well, I should say we did!' When Judge Carter looked at the ticket he shook his head and said: 'Too much alternate' and he had the law changed to read 'One alternate for one delegate'.

"But with all that, McKenna, those were the days of real sport in politics, when everybody in the neighborhood took a part and thought they had something to say in the management of their party affairs. And there ye have it."



M'KENNA'S CANDIDACY FOR CHAPLAIN.

“Begorra, Devlin,” says Barney O’Flynn, “McKenna is all right while he sticks to his alternates and the primary elections, but on the occasion I have in mind he met his Waterloo. It was in Springfield, Illinois, at the session of the Forty-third General Assembly. I will never forget the time. John C. Righeimer and Al Houseman, two of the leading buffet owners of Chicago, had cards printed announcing Mac’s candidacy for Chaplain of the House of Representatives. The campaign became that warm during the first three nights of the canvass that the lights in the saloons in Springfield were kept going in full blast during the whole of three nights. It made my job as air inlet inspector of the Forty-third General Assembly a very unpleasant task. The duty of an air inlet inspector was to see that sufficient air was permitted to circulate throughout the assembly room for the comfort of the members. It was the devil of a task to satisfy them. There were the wet members, and they would be so warmed

up after their night's canvass that you could not furnish air enough to cool them off, while the drys kept up the cry: 'Shut off the air—you have us perished with the cold.'

"Well, sir, it was hard to please them. No matter what you did you were in danger of offending some one of them. It was like the job my friend Ned Hayes had below in the tunnel. Says Ned, 'I have what they call a political job—inspecting below in the tunnel—where there is but very little room. They have there at pulling the little car a Jack that kicks at one end and bites at the other, and, begorra', says Ned, 'no matter which way I turn my life is in danger'. And so it was with me, for no matter what move I made to supply them with fresh air, my job was in jeopardy.

"Anyhow, I was as well pleased as any one of them when the announcement came of McKenna's withdrawal as candidate for chaplain, for if his campaign managers were to keep the inmembers out a few nights more I would have lost my job as air inlet inspector. My job, in real plain language, was raising and lowering the windows, but the title air inlet inspector gave tone to the job; like corn doctors and nail trimmers—they call themselves chiropodists and manicurists.

"Well, sir, politics is very deceiving. From all appearance at the time, everything was in McKenna's favor. All the Chicago newspapers had headlines announcing his canvass. His

campaign managers and all the horse racing men that were in town were trying to outdo each other in the buying of drinks for his success. This campaign was the talk of the town. There never was as much money spent or as many drinks bought before on the occasion of a chaplain being selected. Every saloon keeper in town was with him, for, as they said, 'he was the only candidate for chaplain that was around to see them'. He had the veterans of the Spanish-American war with him. The card announcing his candidacy won for him the approval of all the labor organizations, as it had the union label on it as big as a horseshoe. Some of the opposition at the time said, for a person that did as little work in his day as he did, he made a great display of his generosity in the use of the union label. Anyhow, his campaign managers, Righeimer and Houseman, with the assistance of William J. Cooke, the then superintendent of the West Park system, left nothing undone to bring about success for him. At the head of the Democratic members they marched up the street from the St. Nicholas to the Leland Hotel, there to join hands with the Republican members in making his selection a non-partisan affair.

"To the strangers and visitors in town things were looking very strange, as there was a lot of stage money being passed around very carelessly in the corridors of the hotels. To some of the new members and visitors in town who were

not on, it was very suspicious looking. And, as it went the rounds from one to the other, the promoters would say: 'Use all of it you can, but use it judiciously'.

"The Rev. Mr. Turner, the Methodist Church candidate, had his card announcing that he was a Methodist and a Republican for the past forty-six years, but he had forgot to have the union label put on his card. When he saw the stage money passing hands, he said with sarcasm: 'I would like to hear that gentleman recite the prayer that makes him so popular'.

"The Rev. Mr. Bradford of the Presbyterian Church, who had been chaplain for years and who knew what little pay there was in it for the service rendered, looked with contempt on the men that were distributing money for a position with so little pay attached to it.

"Anyhow, there must be an end to everything, and so it was with this. The canvass became so warm and the managers so enthusiastic and careless in the use of the stage money, that the question of 'denomination' came up for discussion and consideration; and here is where Mac met his Waterloo. His only record was a camp meeting record, and when he answered the inquiry as to the kind of a prayer he would recite if he was selected, his answer was his downfall. He said that when he would hear a bill read, and seeing from where it came, he could tell if prayer alone could save it. This offended one of the celebrated members from

Chicago, Gus Nohe. He immediately jumped up and cried out: 'Mr. Speaker, I demand the withdrawal of that candidate's name, or I will move that a committee be appointed to investigate his camp meeting record. That man,' said Nohe, 'is like Billy Sunday, for he is trying to make religion pay, and should not be encouraged.'

"I saw right off the reel that the jig was up. I didn't blame McKenna for his sudden withdrawal, as Nohe would have had the committee appointed for investigation. Not that I mean to say that anything wrong would be found in Mac's camp meeting record, but, as Barney Mulligan says, 'Safety first always'.

"And the saddest part of this tale is that neither of the candidates in the contest for chaplain succeeded, as John H. Miller of Hamilton county was elected Speaker of the House and brought with him the Rev. M. N. Powers to do the job."





"TIMES ARE CHANGED"—DWYER TO MAC.

"Begorra, McKenna," said Dennis Dwyer, president of the Thirty-fifth Precinct Republican Club, "there's a great change come over the population of Chicago. It's the devil to think of it. There was a time when a man walking or riding through the streets of Chicago, with every face you'd meet looking so familiar, you'd think you were acquainted, and, as you passed by, it would be a 'How dy', or a nod at least. But now, in your travels, your eyes are strained and your neck crimped looking to see if there are any of them who pass you by that remind you of any person you ever saw, but devil the one in ten thousand of them did you ever see signs or tidin's of before. With all the war talk and killing that we read about you would wonder where the devil they all come from, but they're here, however they get here. And they've their votin' papers and are asking

questions of information and raisin' points of orders at our meetings.

"But it's a bad wind that's not favorable to some one. Anyhow, I find that in the Thirty-fifth Precinct Club, with the exception of about six of us Irishmen, the club has a majority of foreigners. And it's the devil to keep them in the minority.

"This war has brought a change over them all. Before the war we could hold the Bohemians and the Germans on the personal liberty question, but since the war began they are at swords' points.

"The Jews and the regular Russians, we could always depend on keepin' them on opposite sides through natural prejudices, but since the Russian revolution they are huggin' one another, and it's the devil to manage them now.

Foreigners are all right, Mac, when you have them educated to know they are in the minority, but when they learn they are in the majority you have to be buying them drinks all the time to keep harmony in the club.

"We near ended in a row at our last meeting. There came up the question as to whether Patrick Price or one of the foreigners should be endorsed by the club for an appointment in the Water Pipe Extension Department. They had us beat by one vote, so all that was left for me to do was to declare the motion out of order. Then the row commenced. Up jumped little Jimmy Dugan with the flag in his hand, wav-

ing it, and said he, 'This is no time for disloyalty or disunion.' And with that up jumped one of the foreigners to object, seconded by another, saying, 'Ye are using the flag for "advantageous purposes", whatever that means.

"This was our chance. Dugan said, 'Men usin' that language against the flag at this time are disloyal and not fit for membership in the Thirty-fifth Precinct Club.' And without further debate I put the motion and Dugan seconded it. We suspended both of the objectors from membership in the club. This gave us a majority of one vote and saved the day for Pat Price. Anyhow, everything is fair in love and war."





MEMBERS OF SUN WORSHIPERS' CLUB IN CONFAB.

“By dad,” says Mulligan to Ryan, “we are the lucky men that got away with our summer discourses below at the park, without some of the chaps being interned.”

“Well,” says Dougherty, “if it was not for me, you would not have that story to tell now. I see it comin’—many’s the time, in the arguments, especially when the strange debaters put in appearance. I could see them egging on for an argument that no good would come out of. But I soon shut them up; no religious or war talk here, says I; and that in a way which they knew was in earnest. That’s what saved them many’s the time.”

“Anyhow, did you ever notice,” says ould Anthony Devlin, “the amount of good and bad that can be said about the women without bringin’ up a cross word. You can go in a crowd of min and praise the ould women up to the nineties, and then end in a ‘but—’; then go as far as you like the other way; and in both ways

every man present seems to enjoy and assent by the nod of the head to every word that is said.

"Divil any other subject do I know of that will stand for that kind of argument. If you would try it out on religion, or war, you would see the coats comin' off before the subject would be rightly started. Will some of ye tell me the reason of this?"

"Well, sor," says Barney O'Flynn, "there's nothing strange in that, for a divil another subject on earth but the women can so much good and bad be said of them—and still be tellin' the thruth all the time—so there's your answer."

"Anny way," says Pat Price, "Ryan, with his statistics, his Daily News Almanac, Shakespeare's works and his Bible, could furnish argument enough to keep the whole townland arguin' until Doomsday.

"Ryan," says Price, "is like all the other remedy substituters—they name all the ills mankind is subjected to. It sounds well while you're listenin' to it; but whin it's over you will find divil a thing you were told of but what you knew all about; and then they always finish before telling of the cure, or when, where, and how it's going to take place—and there it is for you!"

"At any rate," says ould Dougherty, "wit' politics you must first have the money or you are making no display. And, as Con O'Brien says, 'first seek ye the money, then the commit-

teeman and all things else in politics will follow.' But you might have all the good intentions in the world, and if ye didn't have the committeemen, y're talkin' to strangers, for this is the thrick in the trade. The county committeeman, the state committeeman, and the national committeeman—they select the political feed that's presented to ye at the primaries an' elections, when they have everything well prepared. Then ye are invited to participate. If ye don't like the feed in one party, ye can go to the other; but ye'll find whichever feed you sit down to, the selection of the feed was made by the committeeman long before ye were invited to participate. And anny man now with half an eye in his head can see that for many years to come, aither the Republican party or the Democratic party will continue to make the laws. And, as Mrs. Jim Kennedy, the suffragette, says: 'We know what we want—not what ye tell us we want.' And annyhow, our government is but a reflection of the people, and in many parts of the country the reflections are very funny—an' there ye have it!"

"Well," says Ryan, "that's all right, but our plan of government is big enough and broad enough to regulate and control every condition that will be for the good of any honest man. An', begorra, statistics show that it cost an army of lives to get what we have got. And every man, or set of men, that have the nerve to organize anny ism of any kind that would

advocate the substitution of anny plan of government, or anny flag but our flag, should be interred for instructions; and laws should be made to make it a crime to do so. That kind of goin's on is not freedom, and it should be put a stop to. For anny condition permitted to grow unrestricted—once it has grown up—it's hard work to destroy it, whether it's for good or evil.

“You don't have to change your religion, or your nationality to become a citizen and participant in our plan of government. Some are born into it, and others voluntary, with their hands raised up to their God, promise to forsake all other kinds of political government, and support and defend our plan; and many of them no sooner have had their papers givin' them the right to participate in our government, than they start organizing ‘isms’ that aim at the destruction of the plan of government that they had sworn to defend.

“Now's the time to put a stop to all this. Let Congress get busy. This is our plan of government, the stars and stripes represent it.

“And, as Anthony Devlin says, in some parts of Ireland when a man dies they have singin' and all kinds of merriment goin' on; and, in some other parts of Ireland, when a man dies they have great lamentations and crying goin' on. Well, sir, a towney of Devlin's got into a wake-house out at the town of Lemont, Illinois. He set up his singin' and merry-makin' the

same as they did in his part of Ireland when wakin' the corpse of a friend.

"The result was, in come big Dan Kelly, and, when he heard Devlin's friend singin' and makin' merry he gave him a fierce look—he knew he was in wrong. The wake-house was one of them little frame buildin's built by the owner of a stone quarry at Lemont, Ill. Well, sir, big Dan took hold of Devlin's friend by the coat collar and the seat of the trousers and threw him out through the window. 'There,' said he, 'wait until some one of your own kind dies before startin' up them kind of didos.' And that's what this government ought to do immediately with all kinds of political 'isms' whose aims are to supplant our plan of government and its flag. An' there ye have it!"





A CHRISTMAS WAKE STORY FROM THE BRIGHTON.

“Well, sir, McKenna,” says Pat Price, “your friend, Willum McCarthy, the former mimbir of the Legislature from the West Side, was payin’ a visit out to Brighton to an ould acquaintance of his and mine.

“I nivir knew it before, but that McCarthy is a regular play actor, and with his goings on he near broke up a wake out here at Brighton last week. I was tellin’ him of the death of an ould acquaintance of his from the West Side. Says I to him, ‘take a walk with me over to the wake house; you know the folks well and they’ll be glad to see you.’ Well, sir, we wint over to the wake house and after offering our condolence to the family and sayin’ a patterin’ aavee for the soul of the deceased we went into an adjoining room.

There was a large gatherin’ of people there and over to wan side, where we took seats, was five or six Fardowns—section men—from the Chicago & Alton Railroad, seated there. One

of them was relatin' one of them ghost stories that are so familiar to their part of Ireland. Well, sir, the man that was tellin' the story was so wrought up with entoosyism and earnestness of the tale, that he had the others in a spell listenin' to him relatin' the tale. It was consarnin' some murdhering evint that occurred in some place in the north of Ireland, with which they all seemed acquainted. Anyhow, from what I heard of it, the murdhering deed was done with a large pavin' boulder and a sivin-pound sledge hammer.

"It took place on the road side, betchune two town lands, and it was a very lonely spot. On wan side of the road was a lough or slough or pond, as you'd call it, and on the other side of the road was a woodland, makin' it a very dark and lonely spot.

"Well, sir, when the corpse of the murdhered man was found by a farmer's hired man on the followin' mornin', a great hue and cry wint up among the people. They gathered there from all parts. Anyhow, the first thought that came into their minds was to try and learn the cause, and as to with what the deed was done. Every spot and place was rummaged to find some evidence.

There was the dead man lyin' with his head batthered in and a large scar on the side of his face. After ramsackin' iviry thing and place for several hours, they were about to give up, whin along comes his riverince, the parish

priest; they tould him av all the work they had done in tryin' to find what caused the man's death and how they were about to give it up and go home. 'First and foremost', says his riverince, 'let ye kneel down and say a prayer for the repose of the poor man's soul.' Well, sir, after the third patterin' aavee a little town cobbler by the name of Owen Bree, that was on his knees on the side of the road furninst the lough, or pond, jumped to his feet and let a cry out of him: 'What's that, man!' says he, 'what's that?' pointin' out in the lough, or pond. There it was for you to see as plain as the nose on your face, the large paving bowlder and the sledge hammer, floatin' around and around on the top of the wather. Well, they all see it and then they all said: 'Amen' and stood up, with their eyes fixed on the sight! There was the large bowlder and the sivin-pound iron sledge hammer floatin' around and around on the top of the wather!

"When it came over furninst him, the good priest stepped forward and then callin' to the little cobbler, said his riverince: 'When it comes furninst you, do you bring them to shore.' Well, sir, lo and behold you, he did. There was the blood on the rock and also on the hammer! 'There now', says the good priest, 'there's your answer'.

"Now, thin, for the ones that committed the dastardly deed. Well(McKenna, here's where your friend McCarthy near broke up the wake.

As these min that were listenin' to the story were in the back room and did not see McCarthy come into the presence of the corpse, they had no knowledge as to whether McCarthy was left handed or not. Thin, whin in the most excitin' and interestin' point of the tale, McCarthy, interrupts the story and here's where he becomes the play actor. McCarthy puts his hand into his vest pocket, takes from it a case, and from the case he takes the single eyeglass, puts it over the one eye, and said he, interruptin' the story teller and looking up straight into his face—said McCarthy: “I beg your pardon, old top, did I understand you to say that this was a large boulder stone?” ‘That’s what you did,’ said the story teller. ‘By jove, I beg your pardon again, old chap, did I understand you to say that this large stone was floatin’ around and around on the top of the pool?’ ‘That’s what I’m tellin’ you again,’ was the answer of the story teller. McCarthy now begins puttin’ it on a little stronger, and again said: ‘By jove, old top, did I understand you to say that this was a seven-pound hammer and that it kept floating around and around on the top of the water?’ ‘That’s what I’m tellin’ you, sir,’ was the answer. Then said McCarthy: ‘I say, old top, impossible! impossible! You know that that is a scientific impossibility, old chap.’ Just then McCarthy see the son of the deceased approaching and McCarthy stepped forward to condole with him and left the story teller. The

Fardown who was tellin' the story was dum-founded. Said he, very sarcastically: 'Who the h— is that fellow, anyhow? Lord, be good to Larry anyway, but I never knew he had any acquaintance like that.' 'No,' said one of the others, 'he is an acquaintance of the son.' 'There it is for you,' said the story teller, 'the risin' gineration, the divil the thing do they believe or have they on their mind but the women and the baseball.' 'True for you,' said another, 'for I heard Larry's son tell that chap as how some Eddie Collins, a ball player, hit the ball so hard that it went so fast that it set the grass on fire. He believed that, for he replied: "Very clever, very clever; a good hit". And there you have it, but divil a bit of religion is in them. Let's all go out and take a punch at him for spoiling the story,' but McCarthy was gone."

THEY HAVE GOT RYAN GUESSING.

“Well, well, McKenna,” says Nicholas Ryan, ‘now that young Garfield has arranged it so for the next six Mondays, that I will have nothing to do but talk, I’m going to tell you something.

“I have been livin’ in and around Chicago for more than the past fifty years, and with all the goings on they do be havin’ it’s got me thinkin’, but, I’m like Barney O’Flynn was, when he was attending the political meeting where the candidate for Alderman was relating all the things he would do, if the people in their wisdom should select him to represent them in the City Council.

“‘Well, well’, says Barney, talking to himself while smokin’ the pipe, and noddin’ the head up and down, ‘well, well,’ says he again. ‘I’ve heard the likes of that manys and manys the time before,’ and so ‘tis with all the goings on they do be havin’ and the sayings they do be havin’ about one another” it has me guessin’ as to what is true and what is not true, and it’s got to this now, that you can hardly believe anything you hear as a certainty, until you hear from the other fellow.

“Well, sir, whin I was a kid about the city, manys the year ago, you could take a walk about on a Sunday, and visit the numerous small churches we then had in those days, and where the competition was great to get members. Well, sir, to listen to the preachers of the dif-

ferent denominations tell what they thought of persons that belonged to denominations different from theirs and to where they would go to when the undertakers called for them, was amusin'. This was before Henry Ward Beecher took hell out of religion. At any rate there was a warm reception predicted. Well, sir if what they all said of one another was true, to an outsider, after listenin' to all sides, you would come to the conclusion and say to yourself, 'now there's a bunch; if what they say of one another is all true, the divil is going to be a busy man'. But this was in the ould days before immigration and population was as extensive as it is to-day. There's women enough now-a-days to fill all the seats in the churches, and most men of today have got whatever religious views they have in their wives' names. And there it's for you.

"But this is not what I started out to talk to you about, but it is along the same lines. I have been reading the newspapers and listenin' to political orators and reformers, progressive and digressive, if you wish, for the manys and manys the year and what I want to say is this: if one-thousandth part of what has been said and published and promised was ever done, what a trial balance it would make.

"If, all of what they tell, was plundered from the tax payers is really true, what I'm thinkin' of, what a really tough animal he is to be able to bear up with it all, and if all the promises of

reductions and benefits that the same tax payers have been promised by opposing parties and reforming associations for their support in adoptin' their policies, was delivered to them as promised, they would now be receiving premiums on their holdings, instead of paying a tax. 'But there you are again', as O'Flynn says, 'we've heard the likes of that manys and manys the time before.'

"But with all this, we are still here and seemingly thriving. After making our selections of men to represent us, such as the opposing parties tell us they are, nevertheless, here is where I am always satisfied and never disappointed in the men I vote for. You know, while I am only a tax payer, I am a consistent Republican, but I still make it a point to get my information concerning the reputation and character of the candidates of my party from the opposing sides, never from my own side, and here is where I get my contentment; for no matter how big a rogue my party candidate turns out to be, he is never one-tenth as bad as I had been informed he was, when he was the candidate; so you see I am never disappointed. When I want information concerning the candidate of the opposing parties I have my friend O'Flynn attend the meeting of my own party, and then get O'Flynn to relate to me what was said of the men that are candidates on the opposing side. Then I laugh and laugh and when election day comes I put my cross in the circle at

the head of my own ticket and say to myself, as between two evils, the devil I know is better than the devil I don't know. And there it's for you.

"It seems as though at election times it is permissible to tell the truth about one another and that, too, without any one takin' it as a very grave offense. For, by golly, McKenna, it would be a grave yard offense to mention some of the things they say about each other except at election time, but as I am tellin' you, a good safe bet is to always get the reputation and character of your party candidate from the opposing side. He may turn out to be a wrong one, but from what you have heard of him beforehand, your only surprise will be that he wasn't worse.

"And there you have it."

OLD ANTHONY DEVLIN AIRS HIS VIEWS.

“Well, sir, McKenna,” says old Devlin, “we now have the wheatless day, the meatless day, and the porkless day; then the loafin’ Mondays. Well, sir, we ought to be able to win this war aisy with all these auxiliaries.

“But I was thinkin’ if they only put hell back into religion until the war is over, an’ let the preachers set in on some of their old-fashioned sermons on ‘Hell,’ they could make it so warm for their hearers of a Sunday that they might dispense with the use of coal altogether in the churches; for in some of them good old-fashioned talks on the ‘Intensity of the Heat of Hell’s Fire,’ they could start the perspiration flowing down the brow of the chilliest old lady in the parish at a temperature of seven degrees below zero.

“This would be another great adjunct in helping win the war.

“Mr. Baker, the man that is doin’ the trick, would approve of this, for he knows ‘tis like the sayin’ in the Good Book on the winning of salvation, ‘you may have,’ says the Good Book, ‘faith that would move mountains, but if you have not charity it will avail you nothing.’ And so it is, you might refrain from the use of pork, an’ you might mix your wheat with chaff, an’ ye might heat your body on the thoughts of hell fire; but if you’ll not hold your tongue, all of this will avail you naught. Now,

there it is for you! The talkless day is what we want, to insure the winnin' of the war.

"It was too much talk that brought the war on, and when they stopped shootin' and went to talkin', the Czar of all the Russias lost his good job; and it's too much talkin' now that is keepin' them from getting a substitute for the Czar.

"What we want now is to be in the position of the old sea captain and the sailors; there came up a big storm. Well, things looked bad. Some old ladies that were on the boat asked the captain, 'Would it not be a good thing to say some prayers now?' 'Oh,' says the captain, 'order the men aloft; we have done our praying before this storm took place. What we want now is to take care of the rigging.' And so it is with us. We have had plenty of time for talks, and sure enough we did talk—and plenty of it.

"But the kind of talk that some of them are giving nowdays, you could borrow very little money on it at Barney Mulligan's bank.

"So, I say, you might fast until all the trusts would go broke; but if you don't hold your tongue, all things else that you do will count for naught.

"The men that are in the places where they see and know, from the best authority, and guided by men of experience as to what is needed, let them act and be guided by their say-so—else all your other work will be in vain; for men who will stop to argue with their general

as to the best way they think things ought to be done, will never win a fight.

"Now, the men that have got this war in hand, guiding the interests of America, we must take it for granted that they knew what they were at when they went to it. It's their job now to make a success of it. There's no brakes on them. The money, the resources, the lives, and the good-will of the nation is at their command; their part is but to order. And our part is to act the part of Alderman Duffy's constituents. When he would say, 'Am I right, boys?' they would unanimously answer, 'You are right, Duffy.' And he would reply, 'You know right well I am right.' That's the only kind of spirit and talk that will win the war. For it's not your stomachs that you're going to win this war with, but your brains.

"We will have lots of time to discuss this war when it's over; the die is cast now. The men that have the job now in hand must finish it. Success or failure will be the answer. We have done our part through our representatives. We have offered all we have got—our property and lives are at their command. We have done our part; we could have done no more. It's gone past the prayin' time now. And so I'm tellin' ye: one talkless day will count as much as ten eatless days in winning this war—and there it is for you!

"We now are in the fight; and as Barney O'Flynn said when he had a fight with a Dutch-

man, the agreement was, when the one that was licked would say aloud 'Sufficiency', that was to end it. Well, sir, the Dutchman had Barney down and was b'ating him until he tired himself out, but O'Flynn forgot the word 'Sufficiency' and finally, when O'Flynn again came to and was pounding away at the Dutchman, to his surprise the Dutchman cried aloud, 'Sufficiency.' Begorra, says O'Flynn, that's good! If I could have thought of that word hours ago, you would have had me b'at. So that's all the talk we want now—to say nothing, but fight on until someone says 'Sufficiency' good and loud; and there you have it."

THE OLD DAYS IN HALSTED STREET.

“Well, sir, McKenna,” says Jerry Duggan, “I enjoyed your Christmas wake story concerning your friend ‘Willum’ McCarthy, the former member of the legislature from the West Side, and the far-down section men from the Chicago & Alton Railroad. Anyhow, that McCarthy, when he puts the one eyeglass on, he can take off an Englishman better than anyone I ever see. But if them far-downs knew that his name was McCarthy when he questioned the possibility of that sivin-pound iron hammer and the large boulder stone that they said was seen floating around and around on the top of the waters, as they were describing it in the fairy story they were telling of ancient Irish days, McCarthy’s life would have been in danger, wake or no wake.

“ ‘Well sir, McKenna,’ I could tell you av a story av that same ‘Willum’ McCarthy with his tricks; and every word I’m telling you is true. When I first come to this country as a green-horn, as them laddy-bucks nicked me, I was stopping with a first cousin of mine, one Jim Carey, that was keeping a tavern in Halsted street south av Harrison street. Jim was somewhat av a sport, and his place was the resort of the young men and of many av the old men in those days.

“There was very few foreigners living in that neighborhood in those days, with the exception of a few Bohemians and Germans; the popula-

tion was made up mostly of all Irish people. Anyhow, the young men that congregated at Jim's place were always up to all kinds of thricks, and out for all kinds av fun.

"Whatever they did in the daytime for a livelihood I don't know, but when you'd see them av an evening, the way they were dressed up and the careless way in which they separated themselves from their money, they reminded me av estated mens' sons in the ould country.

"Well sir, Carey had two special ould frinds, one av them was Rolff, the butcher. He kept a shop in Halsted street, close to Jim Carey. The other was Dan Kelliher, the groceryman, also a neighbor. Anyhow, the story I'm going to tell you is consarnin' McCarthy, Jim Carey, Rolff the butcher, Dan Kelliher and some others. McCarthy always saluted Carey as the knight av the spoon and strainer. Well, Jim was as full av thricks as any av them.

"Well, sir, this part av the story that I'm goin' to tell you about happened one night, far from the shank av the evening, or about closing time, and it was in the fall av the year.

"There was a big County Mayo policeman who traveled beat at that point: he just slipped in the back way and into the bar-room; no one was present but Jim Carey, myself, and Dan Kelliher. Well sir, the officer whispered to Jim to be careful; close up on time, said he. Av course this meant a sup for the officer; then it would be out the back way again with him. But

no, not so this time—for just as he had finished his sup, open came the front door and in came McCarthy.

“Now, McCarthy, in a very dignified manner, exclaimed, ‘Good-evening, everybody!’ Mr. Carey, said McCarthy, just serve us a little moisture, and give the officer here a little of the wild cow’s milk, for the night is cold and long; and, Mr. Carey, serve this other gentleman with his choice of your many and necessary beverages, and do not forget yourself!

“‘Now, then,’ said McCarthy, ‘now that we are all set, we will proceed with the case before the bar, and when disposed of, bring in the next case.’

“Here, McCarthy, was interrupted by Jim Carey. Carey now, is in for thricks. I want to introduce to you gentlemen, Dr. McCarthy, who is a young graduate from Rush Medical College and who resides in our neighborhood. McCarthy was on in a minute. McCarthy now shakes hands with Dan Kelliher, the groceryman, and next with the big County Mayo policeman—and there is where McCarthy begins his thricks. As he held the policeman’s clasped hand, he looked up into the big policeman’s face, and said he, ‘Officer, do you know that you have a torpid liver? I presume you do, said McCarthy.’ ‘I do not—and what is that, said the officer?’ ‘That is—now, said Dr. McCarthy, a liver that is coated with a foreign substance which does not belong there.’

“By this time, they all had seven or eight

sups taken, and the officer took the wild cow's milk each time. And going on with the subject, McCarthy said: 'When in a healthy condition, 'twill not appear there; and a torpid liver is caused by the excessive use of alcohol and may become corrosive or enlarged, which may cause the demise of the victim. By the way,' said McCarthy to Jim Carey, 'be a good samaritan and hereafter don't serve the officer with that strong liquor—just let him have the milder kind, such as I take!' (It was all the same, but in a different bottle.)

"By this time the wild cow's milk and the free examination is making the officer and McCarthy very chummy. 'Mr. Carey,' said McCarthy, 'the officer's case is a most interesting one and needs immediate attention!'

"The officer was big enough to pull a ton of hay—not a thing ailed him, except too much of the wild cow's milk and all the free information that he thought he was getting from the doctor.

"After another drink from the doctor's bottle, he wanted more information concerning the case. 'Well,' said McCarthy, 'if there is not any objection to any of the few here present, friend Carey can lock the doors, and, by the way, you just strip to the waist; I will explain to you as I go along in a careful examination.'

"Well, he did; and the examination went on, and during the examination, McCarthy had the officer drink three glasses of cold ice water while he held his ear pressed to the big officer's breast. Everything was explained as the examination

went on, and at the finish McCarthy very modestly explained to the officer that he also discovered that the officer was afflicted with a floating kidney.

“Now, with all this information—the cold ice water, the long intermission between drinks, and all this serious information—as big and as strong as the officer was, he looked faint and excited.

“As he was getting into his clothes he said, where is your office, doctor? Here Carey replied that the doctor is about to open an office in the Reaper block, Clark and Washington streets, and you ought to see him at your earliest convenience. ‘Jim,’ says the officer, ‘I will if the Lord spares me till next week.’ ‘Doctor, have you any patients in the neighborhood?’ said the officer. Carey interrupts by saying yes, he has several, and he is just back now from a case where he sewed fourteen stitches in a man’s head over on Polk and Morgan street. At this then, the officer’s curiosity was aroused.

“He now takes Carey aside and asked Carey what happened to the man? Carey whispered: told him that the man was hit on the head with a butcher’s cleaver in the hands of Rolff, the butcher. Now, Rolff, as I told you at the beginning, was one of Carey’s best cronies.

“Here, McCarthy ordered another round of moisture, after which, the officer whispered to Carey to let him out the back door. ‘Don’t forget the closing time,’ said the officer—it was

then one hour past the time—and, 'Good-night, doctor' said he, 'I will see you next week if the Lord spares me.'

"Then, what do you suppose the policeman did? Well, he pulled the box and reported to the station that a man was hit on the head with an ax, by Rolff, the butcher, and may die before morning—and without further delay there began an investigation. Most all of the available coppers donned citizens clothes and went in search of Rolff, the butcher. After an hour's search they found him at the Valrwortz masquerade at Twelfth Street Turner Hall, and they took him away from his friends in his masquerade outfit and locked him up in the Twelfth Street Station.

"His friends got busy and telephoned the captain, who arose from his bed and then and there began an investigation. They, of course, could find no one that was injured at Polk and Morgan streets, and they found that Rolff was at the Turner Hall since 8 o'clock P. M., and previous to this time was serving chops and weiners at his butcher shop.

"When McCarthy heard of the developments he enjoyed it hugely. Carey felt different, as he did not think that the Mayo policeman would report the matter as stated, and get his friend and neighbor, Rolff, into trouble.

"But that was not all; the captain next morning called to see Carey and asked him about where he got his information about Rolff hit-

ting a man with an ax, and he also wanted to know where he could find the doctor that was supposed to have sewed up the wound. Well, any way there was not much hilarity around Carey's for several days and nights—Rolff and Carey are now on the outs, and Dr. McCarthy can't be found."

CONTINUATION OF OLD DAYS IN HALSTED STREET.

" 'Well, McKenna,' said Jerry Duggan, 'I will now finish my story consarnin' your friend Willum McCarthy and Jim Carey and the gang that held fort at Jim Carey's in Halsted street; and before I'm forgettin' myself I must tell you of Dan Kelliher, the groceryman. As I told you in my last story, Dan was present the night McCarthy examined the big Mayo policeman; and you see, McCarthy made such an impression on Dan by the Clever manner in which he examined the big policeman that he called to see Carey a few nights afterward, and in the conversation he had with Carey he was saying what a fine young doctor that McCarthy was, and, said he, 'If ever I am sick I will have McCarthy as my doctor, you can bet your life on that.' And while Kelliher was talking to Carey, in walked McCarthy. Kelliher greeted him by sayin', 'Talk of the devil and he will always appear.' McCarthy laughed and said, 'Mr. Kelliher, your name has been mentioned as a member of the C. G. R. A., and we will be glad to have you as one of its members and, I might say, a leading

member.' 'And what is the C. G. R. A.?' said Kelliher. 'Why, said McCarthy, it is an organization for the improvement of mankind generally.' 'All right,' says Kelliher, I am always in for anything like that. What would be the cost per year for joining it? Oh, said McCarthy, just a trifle—a ten-dollar bill will cover the cost for a year. Well, I will join it; and I might as well hand you the ten dollars as we are here—and he handed over the ten-dollar bill to McCarthy.

"Well, said McCarthy, we meet Friday night in the lodge hall in the rear. Well, to make a long story short, Friday night the gang was all there, with everything prepared to make Kelliher's initiation a memorable one. Everything was well prepared; McCarthy had borrowed a large white apron from Rolff, the butcher, for the occasion. He also purchased a large pig's heart and some other necessary tools for the event. Everything was in readiness, and Kelliher was there and so was all the gang.

"Before the meeting, McCarthy treated all the gang twice with Kelliher's initiation fee money. Then they all marched into the hall and McCarthy took the gavel and acted as the chairman. He had, posted on the wall behind his chair, a large drawing of the full anatomy of a man—giving a Latin name after each organ.

"And here McCarthy took a billiard cue into his hand and began pointing out each organ and its relation to the others and their natural connection. And as McCarthy was explaining, says

he: 'If those organs are kept in a healthy condition, a man can live for a hundred years or more.'

"Just then, three loud raps were heard on the side door. McCarthy is on, and gave the guards the order to admit those that sought admission.

"The door was opened and two tall men entered with a supposed body of a dead man on their shoulders and brought it to a table prepared for its reception up at the side of the speaker's table.

"When Kelliher saw this, he slowly raised to his feet and started for the door, but was intercepted by the guards, and he sat down.

"You see, the supposed dead man was John Noonan, and he was wrapped in a blanket and you could not see any part of him but the top of his head and his bare feet.

"No wonder poor Kelliher was nervous, he thinking that the man on the table was dead.

"McCarthy here raps the table and said, 'Now, brothers, without further delay we will proceed to dissect this splendid subject, which has been taken from one of our neighbouring cemeteries; but before we begin, a vote of thanks is in order to Brothers Maloney, Doran, Meagher, and Powell. After the vote, McCarthy takes off the coat, rolls up the sleeves, and approaches the supposed corpse on the table, and raises the blanket so as to give Noonan a better chance to breathe.

"But poor Kelliher could not stand it any

longer. He jumped to his feet and shouted out, 'Let me out of here, you grave robbers, or I will have the police on ye'

"Kelliher was grabbed from behind by the guards and forced into his chair.

"Here one of the boys asked the chairman if this man was a member? And when McCarthy said he was not, McCarthy was censored by several members for his carelessness. But poor Kelliher was forcibly brought to the chairman's table and compelled to sign a paper that he would not divulge anything that occurred at the meeting that night—and now, that he was a member, he might resume his seat.

"Then McCarthy stated that members who did not care to witness the dissecting of the body could retire to the side room.

Kelliher was the first to retire, where he soon finds a side door to the barroom. Here, Carey tries to explain to poor Kelliher the workings of the order, and in the meantime, Noonan arose from the table, put on his shoes and stockings, fixed up his hair, and in a few minutes was seated alongside of poor Dan, who had no idea that his neighbor was formerly the dead one on the table.

"Now, to complete the deed, McCarthy was informed that Kelliher was now in conversation with Carey at the bar. McCarthy takes the pig's heart from the dinner pail that was hid under the table for the event; he puts it on a plate and partly covers it over with a newspaper; he

walks out to the bar with the white apron on, the sleeves rolled up, carrying the plate, and never pretending that he was paying any heed to Kelliher. He said to Carey, 'Jim, will you please put this in the ice box?' And here he whispered to Jim so that Kelliher might hear it, 'it's the biggest heart I ever see in a man.' Then he went right back to the hall, and Jim put the heart in the ice box.

"Now, it was but a short time until the gang adjourned and came out into the barroom, where McCarthy ordered several drinks with Kelliher's initiation fee money. Not one word was said of anything that was done at the meeting. Sociability and song was the further program of the evening, everyone pretending to show great friendship to poor Dan Kelliher. Dan had no idea that it was his money they were celebrating on, but he seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any of them.

"Now, here comes the saddest blow to poor Dan. Several nights after the meeting the boys were seated around Carey's big stove, Kelliher, of course, among their number.

"Suddenly the door was opened by a big fellow who entered, and approaching Carey, asked him where he could find Dan Kelliher, the groceryman? He said he was over to his store but it was closed. 'I have important business with him and would like very much to see him.'

"Dan overheard the conversation, and stepping forward said, 'I'm Dan Kelliher, what's

your business?' 'Well, in the first place, I'm an officer of the law and I want to put to you a few questions?'

"Then he pulled out a paper from his pocket. 'The first is, is that your signature?' Dan looked at the paper which was shown him and acknowledged the signature.

"The paper was the same one that Dan signed at the meeting which made him a member of 'The Chicago Grave Robbers' Association,' and also the oath that he made not to divulge anything that occurred at the meeting where the body was brought in.

"The acting officer was 'Billy' Broderick, who at that time was a detective for the Chicago & Milwaukee Railroad. He explained that the paper was found on the street and was turned in at the station. I started to investigate and I learned that old Pat Hennessey's grave was robbed and his body was dissected in this neighborhood; and with this paper I expect to locate the ringleaders.

"'What do you say,' says Kelliher, 'was ould Hennessey's grave robbed?' Yes, says Broderick. 'Glory be to the Lord! He was my own first cousin,' said Dan, 'and there I was looking at him on the table at the meeting!'

"'Hush!' says Carey to Dan. 'Don't say no more; you might incriminate yourself!' 'Oh!' says Kelliher, 'that damn Dr. McCarthy is to blame for all this.'

"Just then in walks McCarthy, who remarks:

'God save all here!' 'The devil save you!' said Dan, and he sprang at McCarthy.

"McCarthy stepped aside and said to Carey, 'Mr. Carey, give us a little of your best moisture, but except Mr. Kelliher, as he seems to be angry!'

"'Anyway,' says Dan, 'I should be. I'm under arrest for robbing the grave of my own first cousin!'

"'Is that so?' says McCarthy. 'I will soon fix that,' and he went into the next room, called Officer Broderick to the telephone, and when they both returned McCarthy said that the captain instructed Officer Broderick to keep Kelliher in charge at Carey's until a \$1,000 cash bond was furnished.

"Here, McCarthy and Carey left them all in the barroom drinking up the balance of Kelliher's initiation fee money until they would go and fix up the bond.

"They went down to Loun Freeman's restaurant, had dinner, and then returned in about an hour and reported the bond was furnished to insure Dan's appearance when the case was called. The detective then went to the telephone and pretended to call up the captain, and he reported that all was O. K.; and turning to Dan said, "Mr. Kelliher, you are released on a \$1,000 bond furnished by your two friends here, and when we are ready for trial you will be notified.

"Well, Dan was never notified, for McCarthy

and Carey told Dan they had his case settled out of court; and poor Dan was tickled to death at the way it ended, but he never got back his initiation fee money.

"Like murder, all these kind of thricks will out. You never could get Dan Kelliher to join any society after that without the consent of the clergy; but it cost him many a dollar in buying drinks for the boys to keep the story away from reaching the ould woman.

"And now for the Mayo policeman. Anyone that would mention anything about a torpid liver or a floating kidney in his presence would be assaulted. And Rolff, the butcher, could never be convinced but that his supposed friend and neighbor, Carey, had him taken away from the masquerade ball on the charge of murder, as Rolff would say, and with malicious intent. And this is but a few of the many thricks them laddy-bucks were pulling off night after night in the old days at Carey's in Halsted street; 'and there you have it.' "

JERRY DUGGAN AIRING HIS VIEWS.

At the last regular indoor meeting of the Sun Worshipers Club of the McKinley Park, we had Jerry Duggan make a few remarks, and here they are: "Begorra," says Jerry, "it's a pretty how de ye do anyhow, when ye think of the predicament we have the people of the world into today.

"They're fighting, plottin', and complainin' in every part of the world against anything and everything. What I'm asking myself is, can Ryan with all his statistics point out any other period in the world's history where the people were any more the bigger fools or more uncivilized than what they are today? And with all their goings on they do be havin', they all say its the other fellow's fault and both sides, have whatever preachers they have, prayin' to the Lord for their success—and that too, with such fervor and enthusiasm, that from the exertion they're makin', they're as sore in the neck as is a chicken with the pip—and they all think they are right. Well, sir, whatever it is, some wan has wished a hoodoo on us and it is workin' fast.

"Some preachers say, that the sin of thought is as bad as the sin of action when you give in to it. Well, sir, if this be the case—in these murtherin' times in every part of the world today with those av thim that are divided

against wan another—think, let ye, what a lot of killin', and murderin' we are doin' in our minds. It would be a safe bet, and a hundred to one shot at that, that nine people out of every ten you meet, have in the last year, deliberately in their minds, killed the Kaiser and sunk dozens of U-boats; and killed every wan on board. This would be the kind av a bet that Kelly calls 'a cinch bet'.

"Now, the other fellows are just of the same frame of mind. What a pleasant world we are makin' of it! If we could believe in Ella Wheeler Wilcox's theory of the influence of mind waves, but be dad, I have no faith in the mind wave theiry, for if there was anything in that kind of theiry—with all the wicked mind waves that are surging though space today all over the world against wan another—sure, if they had any effect, we would be all dead in a week. "So, says I to myself, says I, it's like makin' mind bets at the race track—it don't get ye nothin'. Now, I was askin' Ryan if he hadn't some statistics somewhere in his books that could show that at some time in the history of the world that the people were livin' in peace. Ryan says he has naught—except for a few intervals, whin they were waitin' for certain people to save up and accumulate something, so's they could take it away from them. That's the only statistics he has on periods of peace and harmony in the world.

"Why is it, says I to Ryan, that the people

are so much more fussier and fightin' than they have been in the past? Ryan's answer is that they are not. It's like the actor's joke, of 'why does a married man live longer than a single man?' And the answer is, he does not—it only seems longer. So it is now with the people, they are just the same as they ever were, but we are scattered more about and it seems different—that's all.

And with all this—to add to our troubles, here comes Billy Sunday into our peaceable, orderly, God-fearing, and God-loving city, to open up a new war against the Prince of Divils, Ould Beezlebub himself—the one that was chased out of Heaven for being conceited and a kicker. Well, sir, Ryan says he has statistics to show that Ould Beezlebub was not the only one that lost a good thing for being conceited and making the kick at the wrong time, and again Ryan says he has statistics to show that he could name a lot of them if he was inclined, that will be there in line as they believe, to battle against the Devil, 'Ould Beezlebub,' as they call him. But, if they had been called for their 'first offense' as the story tells, Ould Beezlebub was, there would be but a small meeting—and the ushers would require no rehearsing or drilling to care for the crowd. And, as Ryan says, "some of them would have no trouble in having them use less coal, for heat would be the least of their wants—ice would be what most of them would need. But this is like most of Ryan's statistics—they

are not a certainty, for the reason, as my friend Judge Hopkins would say, you have not the 'Corpus Delicti' to prove your case.

Anyhow, the Ould Devil is not as bad as the Kaiser to go up against, for he don't fight back—the devil seems to have the gift of the candidate for alderman—you can abuse him, say all you have a mind to against him, and they say he never loses the smile. This is making me to change my mind as to all the power they say the Devil has. He's blamed for everything from sun-up to sun-down, and they're at him for everything that goes wrong—they say it was his work.

"Begorra, if he had the power to do the many things he is charged with, Ryan says again, with his statistics, he could show that there are a lot of them here below that the Devil would order to report for duty forthwith.

"Again, Ryan says that he has statistics that will show av the only record av where anyone ever spoke a kind word for the Devil, and Ryan says it was an Irishman that said it. The record shows, that this Irishman was goin' up a dark alley—and with the fear that was in him, he kept up for the first part av his journey, saying aloud to himself, 'God is good. God is good—but when he got far up into the alley, and things began looking worse, says he, 'God is good, and the Devil is not so very bad after all.' Well, after this he felt more at ease, and made

his journey in safety—that's what Ryan calls 'diplomacy'.

"Anyhow, Ryan's statistics show that we have been at war, fighting and killing wan another, from that far back—well, says he, there may be some more excavations made, now that we have captured Jerusalem again—and maybe some new statistics, but they never discovered any statistics yet to show there wasn't fighting goin' on, killin' and robbin' wan another, and blamin' the Devil for it all—and there it's for ye.

"And with all this, we're no worse today than at any other period of the world's history—and the only improvement we have made—we have become more efficient in the means av destruction, both physically and spiritually. For the physical destruction we have the gas, the submarine, the flyin' machine, and the big guns, and for the spiritual end of it, we have the highest efficiency in the world's history, in what we call 'Camouflage'—that hides a multitude of sins. But, as Ryan says, were the same ould two and six pence after all—and there you have it.

CON O'BRIEN THE 41ST PRECINCT PHILOSOPHER.

“Be Gorra,” says Con O’Brien of the Forty-first Precinct Republican Club, “It’s spring again sure. I heard the first chirp of the robin this mornin’, and tonight, as I was walkin’ up the Archy’ road, I heard the loud cackle of the candidates for alderman. These are sure signs that spring is here.

“And, I want to say, it’s comfortin’ after a hard winter like we’ve had, with a shortage av everything—and all the world at swords’ point with each other, to hear the consolin’ talks of the candidates for alderman tellin’ of what they will do for the comfort of the community if we but elect them to represent us in the City Council.

“It helps to allay our present trouble and removes the gloomy mist that has been hooverin’ over us all this long, cold winter, and, as I was sayin’ to Pat Price, if what they say nivir comes true in the future, it’s as soothing for the present as is the dose of paregoric to a restless child.

“Wherever these candidates for alderman get their selection of promises from, I don’t know—but they’re comfortin’ anyhow.

“Whin we come to think of how the people of the world have been actin’ against one another, and to think that even with all this there is still left in the world, men gifted as are the

candidates for alderman, so that their every word is a promise—that if such as they say is ever accomplished, nothing but pleasure and harmony will prevail all over the world, and that our every want will be satisfied.

“The joy of riding in the kind of a street car such as they predict—even if it nivir comes true—is a lasting joy in the listening of them tell of it.

“Taxes will be the least of our many troubles, for, as they show us and explain it with statistics, that if we will but elect them, there is a new way, whereby these little troublesome things can be avoided—but they nivir say whin or how—anyhow, it sounds well and does us good while we’re listenin’ to it.

“As to work—the hours of work—and the pay, ‘leave that to me,’ say the candidates. ‘We know what ye want. We know all that is required for the happiness and prosperity of you all, namely, good health, good wages, good appetites, and plenty of money. Now that’s what all of ye ought to have,’ say the candidates, and O’ how soothing they say it! They’re just that gifted, that they can lead us up to where we think we have our hands on the very things we’ve been wantin’, when, suddenly they change the subject, and as Barney O’Flynn says, they have only told us that which we all knew—but they forget in their enthusiasm and excitement to tell us whin, where, and how we will get all the good things they’ve mentioned.

But, anyhow, it's a pleasure to listen to thim.

"Now thin, Mac, I want to tell you that for forty years past there never was a spring election came but I've had the heels of my shoes worn off chasing around singin' the praises of some candidate for alderman, and, be gorra, I've heard enough of promises made durin' that time by candidates for alderman that if they were ever executed and put into practice, every preacher in the city would lose his job; for the pictures that the preachers draw of the heavenly world of which they promise and tell about would be but a poor second to offer as to the world that would have been made out of aldermanic candidates' promises. Anyhow, I find that it does not make much difference to the candidates if those who have been disappointed on previous promises fail to respond with their support; for, as each year rolls by, a new crop comes upon the scene, and the same stories that enchanted and deceived the 'ould bunch, works on the new crop of recruits with the same effect as it had on the ould, and so it will be until the end of our troubles. 'You can fool all the people all the time,' Ould Kellar, the Magician, would say, but, says he, 'you have to have a new trick to do it with,' and, wherever the candidates for alderman get them, they have them, and there it's for ye."

DOUGHERTY'S ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

"Well, sir, McKenna," says Dougherty, 'St. Patrick's day is a great day after all. I spent this St. Patrick's day below at West Baden Springs, in Indiana. Anyhow, it was a great day—as fine a day as ever I see in ould Ireland. The sun was shining, the birds singin', and the flowers on the lilac bushes were in full bloom. The golf links was crowded with the Irish and the Chosen People—they were all decorated with the green ribbons and the green neckties, in honor of St. Patrick. Well, sir, you'd think you were back home in the ould sod, for the trees, the grass, and the hill-sides were all arrayed in green, and anyhow, as Barney O'Flynn said, 'it was a great day for the Irish.' It was roast young duck for every meal, and the hotel band worked themselves tired at playin' 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 'The Wearin' of the Green', 'God Save Ireland, Says the Hero', 'Come Back to Erin, Mavourneen', and Moore's melody 'The Last Rose of Summer.'

"Well, sir, it kept up from 8 A. M. until midnight, and the divil the thing stronger than Pluto and No. 7 spring water did any of them have aboard.

"Whin Barney O'Flynn see all the chosen people with the green badges on, says he to me, 'Dougherty, it's a safe bet to follow them chaps, for if there are any good things to be had any-

where, they'll be there.' At any rate, from all I've seen, I've come to the conclusion that it's an aisier job to become a successful saint than it is to become a successful politician—and for to be remembered and honored longer afterwards as a saint, than you'd be as a politician, no matter how much good you may have done; and the reason is this, as Billy Sunday says, 'There is room enough for all at the mourner's bench,' but, be dad, at the political bench, there is only room for the chosen few. Anyhow, you see, for the lack av funds, as they put it, your City Council failed to provide the usual holiday for the best av them all, our dear, beloved Washington. Well, with the saints, all they have to do is to do the right thing, and whin they've done that, every one admits that what they did was right, and in doing right, they have no chance to take that some person or party may loose their meal ticket as a result of their good deeds; but this is not so in polities, as there can come no good to the opposition, from the admitting of the good deeds of the ruling power, and there it's for ye.

"Now thin, with the politicians, they're all patriotic and they all believe in our institutions, but there is not enough meal tickets to go the rounds—hence we have opposition; and we all want to be the ones that will conduct the affairs of the government, and it's long since been discovered by the politician that there will be no meal tickets coming from singin' the praises

or celebratin' the memory of anyone that's on the opposite side of the political fence, no matter how good he is or has been. For instance, it's many's the rogue has held his meal ticket for a long time on the good deeds that our beloved Lincoln had done, and many's the bum act and the bum actor that've won a glad hand whin all else failed them, by just wavin' Old Glory.'

"So you can see that the politician, can't as a safety first proposition, admit of any good in the opponent, without making a sacrifice, and accordin' to the new political etiquette, it's not permissible; so you can see how hard a job it is to make a political saint that will be honored or remimbered for any great lingth of time.

"For, whin the opponent is in power, to admit of any good that could come from them, would only be prolongin' the day whin we, of the opposition could be distributin' the loaves and the fishes and conductin' the affairs of the country for the interests of ourselves and the dear people.

"It's not the good deeds av the powers that be that we're looking for, but the bad ones; for the political good deeds of the ruling power has no soothin' effects on the opposition.

"So, McKenna, I'm tellin' ye, it's harder to become a successful politician, to be long remembered and kindly spoken of, than it is to become a successful, kindly spoken of, and ever remembered saint, and there ye have it."

OULD ANTHONY DEVLIN IN A REMINISCENT MOOD.

“Well, sir, McKenna,” says old Anthony Devlin, “the Spring election, like the cold weather we’ve had, is now gone, but like the aldermanic candidates’ promises, the cold winter and all the auxiliaries that came and went with it, includin’ young Garfield and ould Hoover, with their orders, and the ould devil av a kaiser with his gas bombs and sub-marines, are things that’ll be long remembered.

“Well, sir, there’s one thing that the election does settle, and that is, it reduces the surplus of many a foolish man’s savings account, and it puts thim wise to the fact that they’re not near so popular as they thought themselves to be—but all this is but transitory, for as the ould sayin’ is, ‘there’s a new sucker born iviry minute.’

“Ryan, the statistician of the Sun Worshippers Club, asks, and says he, ‘judging from my statistics, why is it that so many min spind so much of their time, money, and energy in seeking political office or jobs?’ whin, says he, ‘there’s nine hundred and ninety min engaged in other vocations, where less anxiety, less money, and less energy is required, and who are marked ‘XXXX’ in Dunne and Bradstreets’ reports, to the one out of a thousand that’s engaged in the political game that even gets a

minton of 'blank-blank' in the Dunne and Bradstreets reports?

"Well, says I to Ryan, politics is like love, whin you git into it, the divil the thing ye can see but the one thing, and that's the thing that's got ye. For I've seen many's the ould poor fellow that the wife and himself worked for years from daylight until dark conductin' some business, stinting themselves on everything to save up the pennies, and, who, after all, fell for a 'Charmer', in the person of a scheming politician that had some kind of an ax to grind. Well, the charmer saw that he'd the money, and knew that if he'd become a candidate, 'twould help the charmer to grind his ax.

"Well, sir, the charmer leads his subject to believe he is so popular, and that he has that talent that he'd be useful to mankind, if he'd only permit himself to become the candidate for some important office, where his valuable services and knowledge might benefit his fellow-man and neighbors.

"Anyhow, from the day he falls for that kind of blarney, he is like the man in love: he is mesmerized, and in a trance as it were, and nothing—but the decision of the people at the election can revive him.

"But, 'Me O, My!' says Devlin, 'whin he do come too, he can see four ways, but he can't see any of his saved up hard earnings, (in the way of money) for the 'charmer that he fell for, has used it all in propagandizing his cause, tryin' to

make the voters believe that he possessed the gifts that the charmer had convinced him he had beforehand.'

" 'I remember,' says Devlin, 'an instance where the charmer, the politician, had spent near all the money of his candidate in tryin' to advertise himself, and at the same time, convince the community that his candidate's cause was just and right, and that he'd ought to be elected. Barney O'Flynn happened along, and says Barney to the Charmer, 'the man that has the right word in him that would make your candidate popular and his cause to appear just and right, has not spilt the word out of him as yet—else, says Barney, how would you have all the opposition you're havin'? Now, here it is for ye, says Barney, 'find some one that can say the right word or your work is in vain, otherwise, leave off with your righteousness argument and depend on your money, and maybe that'll do the thrick.' And, there it's for you.

" Anyhow, it's as Doherty says, 'There's very few of them that start into the political game on corn beef and cabbage that ivir ind up on birds an' wine, but, says he, it's many the one that started in on birds an' wine, that've finished on corn beef and cabbage.' And, there ye are.

" Anyhow, whin a man has made a success out of some business, big or small, afthir he an' the ould woman have been for years, rakin' an' scrapin', stintin' themselves to save up the

pennies,—whin, a man like that falls for the political charmer, the only remedy for him, is for the ould woman to take him to the Detention, Hospital and have his head felt. And there it's for ye.

“Now, if a lot of them would only stop to think that bein' elected to office will not enhance their reputation for honesty, nor will it change their complexion or height—and even after they get elected, if by chance they do, if they are short of brains or qualifications, fitting them for the position—they'll find that the certificate of election will add nothing to them, and that office or no office, they are the same ould two and six-pence as they were a'fore the election. And, there ye are.

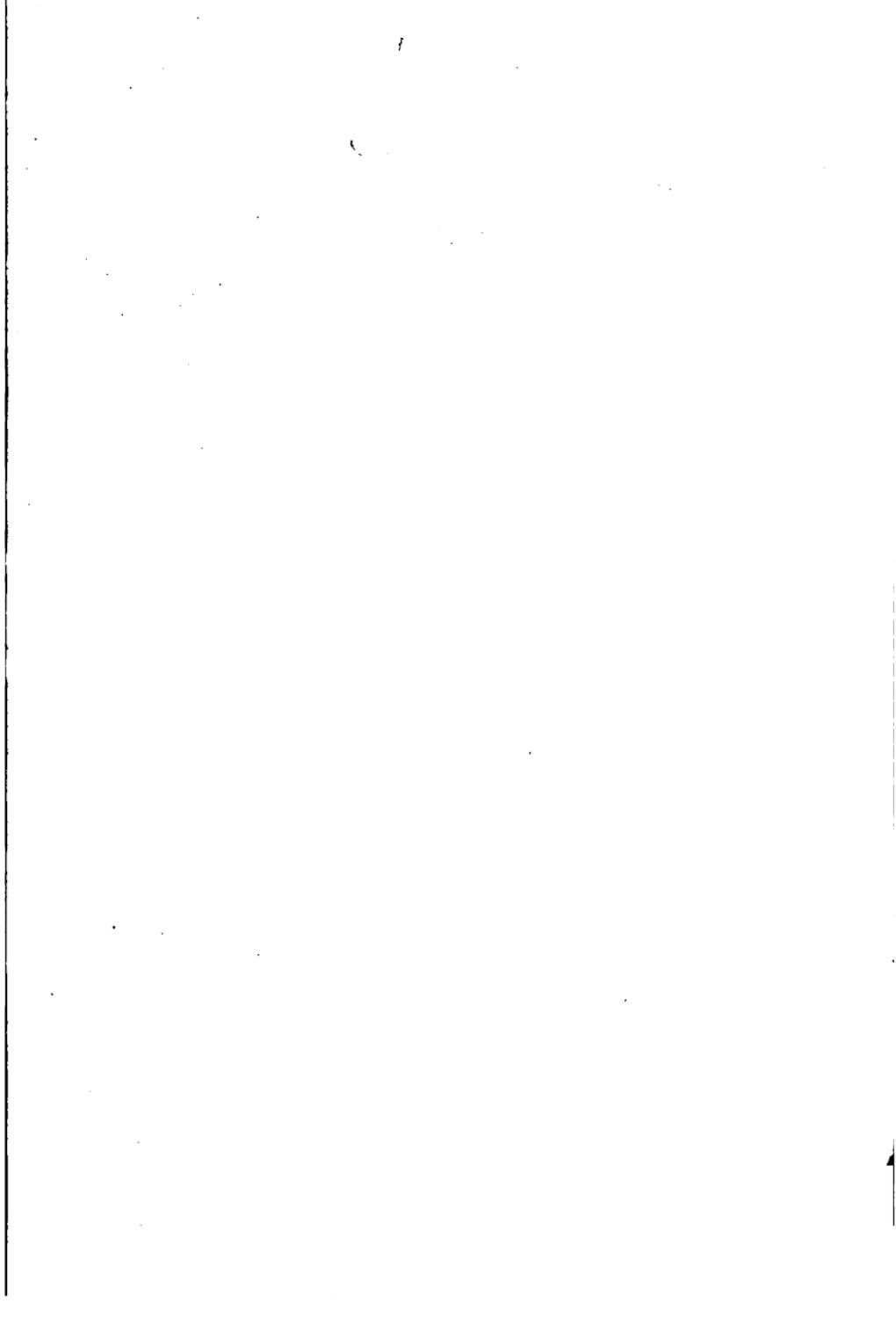
“Now thin, in Chicago, with all the mixed nationalities we have, and where, in a great number of cases, the only qualifications of the candidate is his name or nationality, with these conditions, Ryan says, that his statistics show, that thousands of min have ruined their future prospects on account of having been taken temporarily away from the shovel, the lumber pile, and the factory, where they'd been useful citizens, and placed in a temporary political job, upon the chance election of one of their townies or countrymen. After the short term of the office is over, and after they've been spoiled, it's ‘back to the shovel, the lumber pile, or the factory with them.’ This has put more min on the blink than Billy Sunday's statistics can prove,

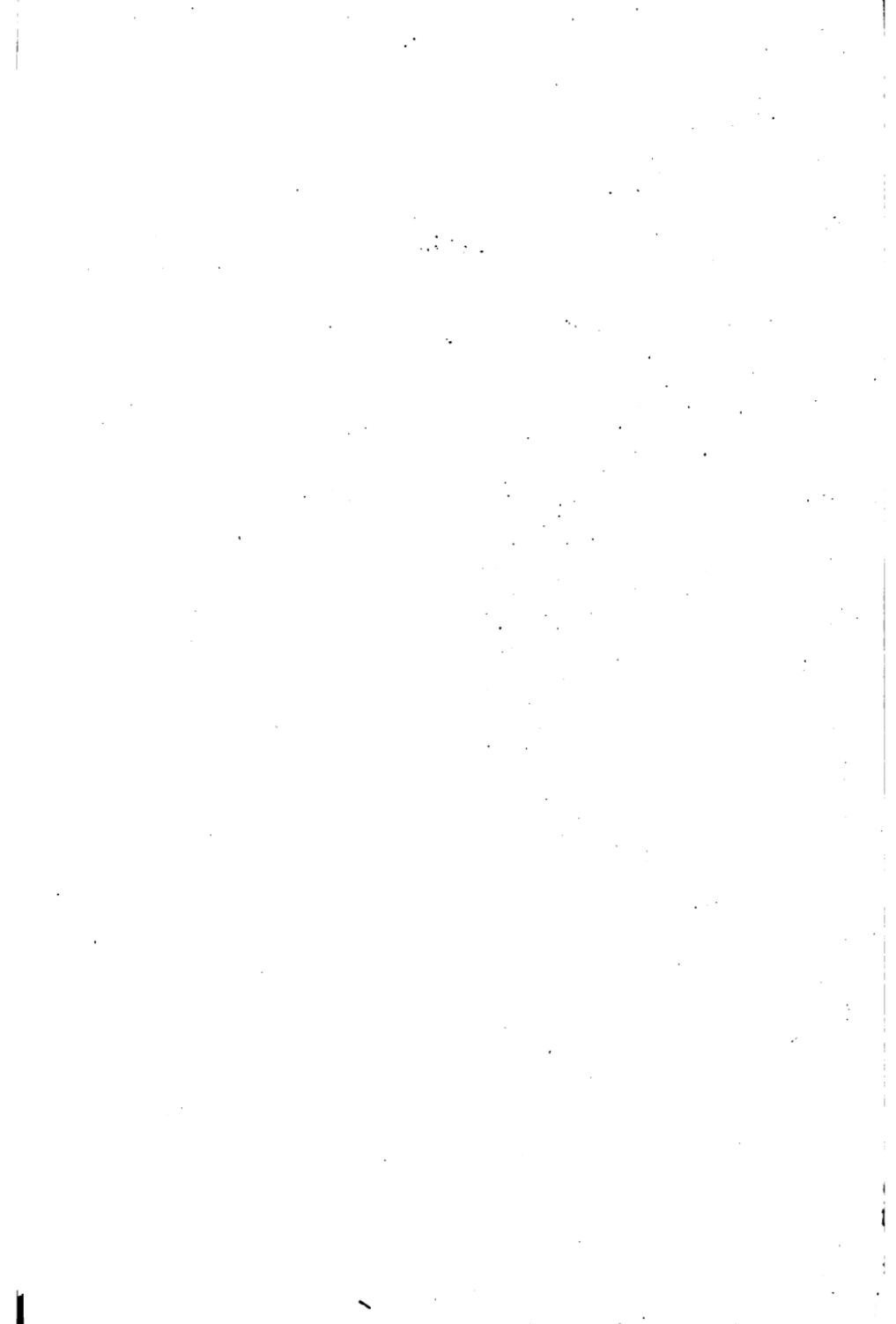
whiskey has. You may scowl at this, says Ryan, but 'tis true.

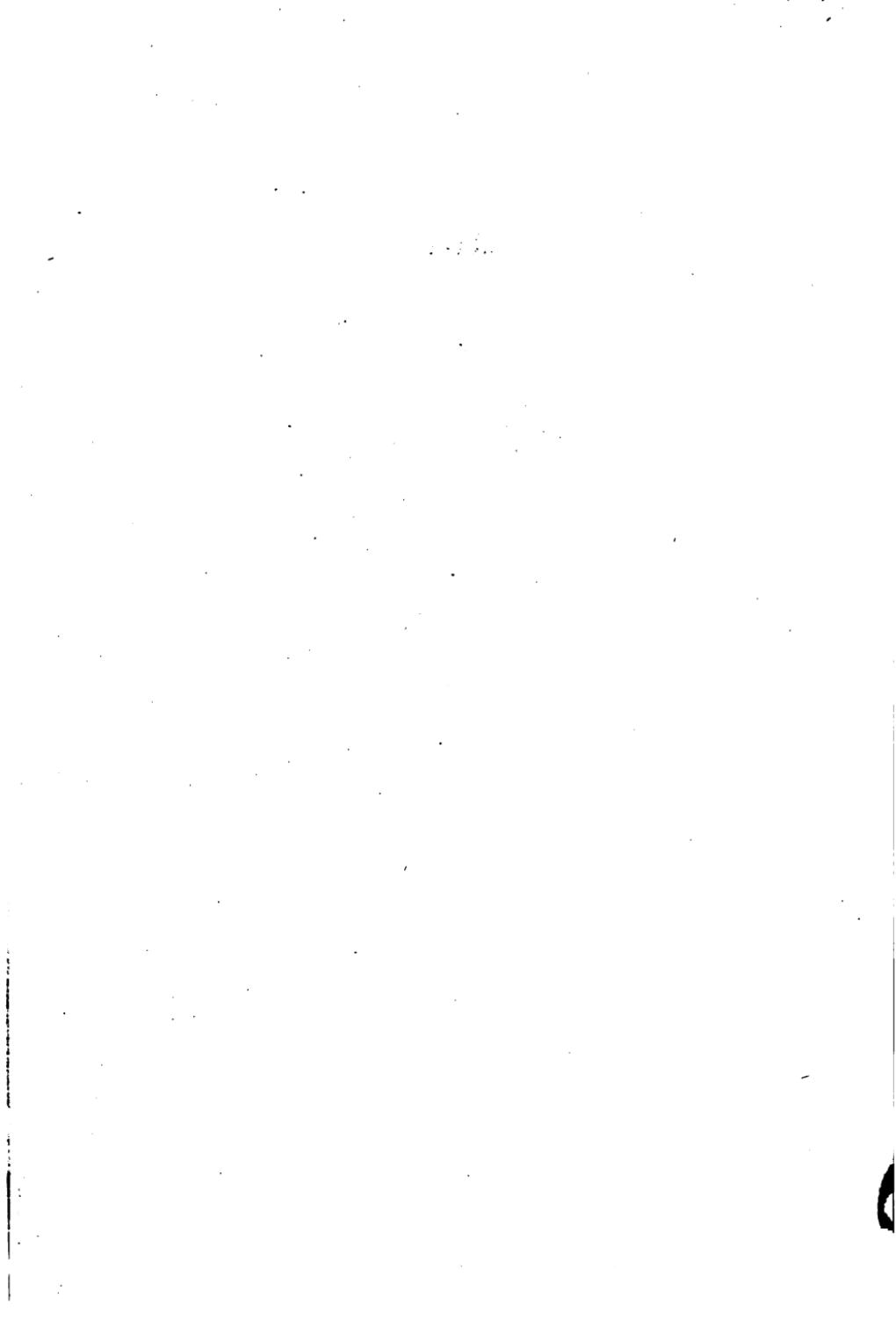
"Anyhow, if you've any means at all, 'tis far better for you to keep out of politics, as it naither improves your reputation, your health, nor your bank account, and Ryan, with his statistics, can show you, that it's only one out of a hundred thousand that was ever cut out for the job.

"Of course, there're exceptions to iviry rule, and so in some cases we find the men with nayther money nor good reputation who are doing better in politics, considerin' what they had to come in on, than they could do in any other vocation. And, there ye have it.

"But, anyhow, politics is but a rich man's game, for, 'tis like keepin' the automobile. Jerry Dugan had a little Ford, and with his pay from the water pipe extension department, he could manage to keep the little Ford in gasoline, but, whin his first cousin Jerry Kelliher, the contractor, gave him a big ould Packard for a present, Jerry wint into bankruptcy in tryin' to keep it up with supplies, and 'tis just so with the political office. If a poor man ever gets an office for nothin', it'll bust him, or have him in jail from tryin' to keep up a front. And, there 'tis till ye, as Barney Mulligan says.







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